

Maclean's

Canada's Weekly Newsmagazine

June 21, 1999



KOSOVO: To Keep the Peace
New Brunswick: The Young Lord
Books: Summer Sizzle

The Royal Question



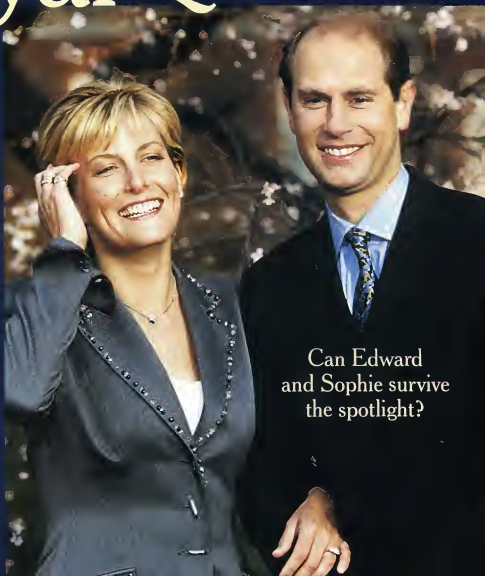
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Prince Andrew and Sarah Ferguson



Princess Anne and Capt. Mark Phillips



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4-8. $\frac{1}{2} - \frac{1}{3} = \frac{3}{6} - \frac{2}{6} = \frac{1}{6}$ ANSWER: D

Editor

Let's hear it for the old pork barrel!

Want to live in exotic climes? Have a fancy house with servants? A dinner Cadogan place? Plenty of trouble!

One of the secret reasons for the fast lane leads through the Prime Minister's press office in Ottawa. Just ask Peter Donohue, a mere 39, who for the past five years has been director of communications for Jean Chretien. Last week, he was named Canadian Press columnist in sunny Milan, Italy, with a handsome six-figure salary.

But be warned: you have to pick someone like Chretien, who is going to reward loyalty no matter how much keeping close is then done to ensure persons who consistently rail about patronage and political rewards. These people, really, are beneath contempt. How, without pork-barrelling and patronage, can a humble prime minister attract someone to his side who will deal with the media subtle? Truly, there only point in life is bringing down leaders trying to serve their people.

No, it has not been an easy ride for Donohue. What can you say when your boss, securely snug in his bed, is almost snuggled by an intruder? Or ends up being blamed for the pepper-spraying of protesters by Mexicans who are only protesting a foreign dictator in Venezuela?

during the APEC summit? Or fails to show up with the rest of the world for the funeral of King Hussein of Jordan?

Such so, Donohue had all the answers. He was the spokesman of all governments. He was the first press secretary to Washington's Prime Minister's Office. He was engaging and hospitable. He played polo on private Chretien from his country. He lifted the blame



Donohue with Chretien around 1994

from his boss—to the Mounties for the break-in, to the army over the Hantz case and, in only his most singular triumph, to the CBC over the APEC affair, making Terry McInerney the man named of Chretien by causing a formal investigation into the reporter's APEC coverage.

In fairness, Donohue was as active be-

cause he worked for a government that was not. When an administration has an actual agenda, the list of the press secretary is much more routine. There are no things to do, like making policy announcements and providing background briefings—nor just keeping the boards off the scene.

Donohue's passage is in the best Canadian tradition. "There's absolutely no doubt it is a reward," says Patrick Gossage, executive communications director for Pierre Elliott Trudeau and later awarded as press secretary in the Washington embassy. That post has been held by a series of men who advised prime ministers on their image: at first Richard O'Hagan (Leslie Pearson and Trudeau), publicist Jack Oiler (Joe Clark) and spokesman Bruce Phillips and L. Iva MacDonald (Brian Mulroney). Until recently, the Washington circuit carried the grand diplomatic role minister-counselor. That position was abolished in the latter round of budget slashing. A pity, that. Poor old Donohue. He had no words for Milan.

Robert Lewis

Newsmen

Notes

Small-c culture

There are two column changes in this week's issue. Peter C. Newman now writes monthly and appears near the front of the magazine (page 16). Charles Gordon continues his monthly column, but with a new focus on Canadian cul-

ture (page 37). "It's culture with a lower case c," says Gordon, a columnist with the *Ottawa Citizen*, who has written monthly for *Maclean's* since 1982. "What we call culture is not just what we see in concert halls and art galleries. It's sport and literature, popular music, books, the Internet—the stuff that goes into making up our identity." The premise of the column is obvious from the first essay: Canada's identity is fragile and "worth keeping." Gordon's qualifications include the fact that not John and daughter Mary are both actors and

that he has written four books, the most recent, *The Canada Trap*. He also plays a cool trumpet and, at 58, he is trying to learn the piano.

Next week

To mark Canada Day, *Maclean's* will publish a special edition by cartoonists Jack Gosselin and Norman Millner, featuring the 25 key Canadian events that shaped the century. There also will be essays on the future of Canadianism by Margaret Atwood and on life in the Arctic by Peter Gosselin.



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Healthy comparison

I am certain that many regional health boards and governments will quickly congratulate themselves on their ranking in your health-care evaluation ("The Montreal Health Report," *Cover*, June 7). However, the credit belongs to the frontline health-care workers who dedicated themselves to their patients and persevered despite the daunting conditions imposed upon them by their own bureaucracies.

Dr. Alex Sigman, Sherbrooke



Montreal General Hospital, dedication and perseverance

On the day that *Montreal's* published its Health Report, the Alberta Medical Association released its special survey that told a much different story. More than 10,000 Albertans used the AMA's

survey to express their concerns about the lack of timely access to key health-care services and the impact on their lives and those of their families. The *Montreal* report does not do enough to address the question that is of fundamental importance to Canadians: "Why can I not have timely access to quality care?"

Dr. Pauline L. Mitchell, co-author, Alberta Medical Association Edmonton

The *Health Report* reflects some aspects of what is predominantly an illness-treatment system. What Canadians want (and need) is accessibility to a broad range of health services. Your report is an important first step in the accountability process for health care. I hope subsequent reports will include information across the continuum of care, including hospitals, home care, long-term care and community care. (Sharon Knudsen, Winnipeg, president, Canadian Healthcare Association, Toronto)

Your first-ever report card on health care, while interesting to the public, missed one of the most important factors in the health-care concerns of the population. That, of course, is the long waiting list faced by everyone awaiting surgery or investigations. In Toronto, the wait for cancer surgery is often up to 12 months. Over a year can become awaiting hip or knee replacements. If each the situation in your second-place city, I have to imagine what is happening in the towns ranked 16 or worse.

Dr. Sharon Sigman, Toronto

How extraordinary and frightening the Edmonton (or any place in Alberta) would be ranked No. 1 in your health survey. The discussion of first-rate systems for ordinary citizens in health care, education and social services has been conducted with the widespread approval of large num-

Rushdie and religion

Salman Rushdie takes offense at jokes in Carré's essays that he, Rushdie, should not presume that "great religions may be insulted with impunity." ("The revival of Salman Rushdie," Publishing, May 24). By calling Le Carré a "postpost-jerk," Rushdie is expressing the same kind of intolerance that caused him so much grief over the past 10 years. Perhaps Rushdie has not learned much from his experience. Le Carré is right: Religious evoker some of the deepest emotions possible in humanity and to mock a people's religion and their God is to play fast and loose with some powerful beliefs and feelings. While Rushdie is free to believe or disbelieve what he wants, he should have shown respect for the beliefs of others.

Kerry Goodwin, London, B.C.

ben of Albinson, whose stereotypes, petty jealousies and several nepotisms continue to tell them that "a bunch of them guys is getting somewhere for nothing."

Leah Brown, High Point, N.C.

Middle East news

If Barbara Amiel finds coverage of Israeli actions distorted, she must be missing the many favourable Canadian media items discussing in fine detail the minutiae of Israeli politics and life ("Israel, Palestinian-style," June 7). Amiel says that the Palestinians have not lived up to their side of the peace agreement. Two weeks ago, they arrested a top Hamas terrorist, but you'll never know it from reading the Canadian media, which ignored the event. There is enough hatred in the Middle East; what there is not enough of is unbiased coverage. We began the millennium with needless Jews. It is hardly progress to end it with needless Palestinians.

Bob McIlwain, Toronto

I was quite confused by Barbara Amiel's attack on Western media until I realized she was mostly joking. What gave the joke away was that she was trying to convince the readers that the affluent, well-educated, well-organized,

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Notes

Edited by Tanya Davies

Playing with the big Boys

Millions of teenage girls around the world dream about meeting the Backstreet Boys—but for Caitlin Deasman, that dream has come true. The 13-year-old Ottawa girl started a fan Web site (www.caitlindreams.com) featuring the chasteed twenty-something crooners in January, 1998. Even though it is one of hundreds of Internet sites dedicated to the U.S. pop sensations, it caught the attention of the band's keyboardist and their record company, BMG/Give. In May, Deasman's encyclopedic 700 pages of text was declared the Backstreet Boys' best "an official" Internet site.

In honor of her Web-site status, the band flew her and her mother to New York City. There, the teen helped launch the group's second CD, *Millennium* (which she immediately ate No. 1 on the charts), co-writing ringtones and other hits from around the world during a fan conference broadcast live on the Internet. "It was really something. I was on stage with them and had so much fun," says Caitlin. "I just wish I could have had more time to talk with them."



Kevin Richardson (above left), Howie Dorough, Nick Corino, Brian Littrell, AJ McLean; Deasman (right) has fun too



Back home, she works on the site two hours a day, updating information and answering e-mail from Backstreet fans around the world. The site now receives 15,000 hits a day (between 20,000 and 25,000 on weekends) and has drawn new reviews from teen magazines, one of which the new stars for "My friends really thought Web site," she says. "The guys at school just make fun of it—but I don't care."

Not so funny bone

Some medical students at the University of Ottawa may want to stick to cadavers until they get a little sensitivity training. In the latest edition of the medical student newspaper, *Préface*, future doctors had filled the pages with disgusting jokes and sexual innuendoes, featuring fright waves, puns, "anatomical" and "anatomical" "whores." A group of offended students, male and female, demanded and received an apol-

ogy from the editor, but they believe the jokes don't bode well for future patients. "All of us are going to be doctors. We're supposed to be advocates for women's health," says one medical student, who didn't want to be identified. "There's no way in hell I'd choose a doctor who endorsed this kind of thing." That's why the medical faculty is planning to include a workshop on gender issues and sexual harassment during fall orientation. "These problems can go deep," says Leslie Patterson, assistant dean of undergraduate medical education. "And this kind of discussion is for us."

Standing on guard in Quebec

As a longtime federal activist in the Quebec City area, Pierre Roy has encountered his share of intimidation tactics. But nothing like the attack on his Lac Beauport home when, at 1:30

last, he recently received death threats from men claiming to be FLQ members. Graffiti has also appeared at a Quebec high school and on the stone of British general James Wolfe located in front of the Musée du Québec. A Montreal *Gazette* reporter and the head of an English community group had their cars spray-painted with the letters FLQ. At week's end, police said they



Roy will not be intimidated

had no suspects for any of the incidents. Still, Roy vows to keep protecting Canadian unity. For 25 years, he and two other men, Raymond Caron and Joe Blouin, showed up daily at 6 a.m. in front of Quebec's city hall to hear their Canadian flag. Mayor Jean-Dud A. Allier, who had had the Maple Leaf removed after the collapse of the Meech Lake constitution, agreed in 1990, agreed to

reinstall a few years. To those responsible for the attack on his house, Roy says, "If you break my window another time, I'll repair it. But don't come on me to stop. I'll never stop."

Best-Sellers

Fiction

1. **SEMPER PARVUS**, John Grisham (D) 1
2. **WINTER**, Thomas Mann (D) 2
3. **AN ENGLISH MARRIAGE**, John Galsworthy (D) 3
4. **THE LAST DAYS OF PETER**, John Galsworthy (D) 4
5. **THE LAST DAYS OF PETER**, John Galsworthy (D) 5
6. **THE LAST DAYS OF PETER**, John Galsworthy (D) 6
7. **THE LAST DAYS OF PETER**, John Galsworthy (D) 7
8. **THE LAST DAYS OF PETER**, John Galsworthy (D) 8
9. **THE LAST DAYS OF PETER**, John Galsworthy (D) 9
10. **THE LAST DAYS OF PETER**, John Galsworthy (D) 10

Nonfiction

1. **THE LAST DAYS OF PETER**, John Galsworthy (D) 1
2. **THE LAST DAYS OF PETER**, John Galsworthy (D) 2
3. **THE LAST DAYS OF PETER**, John Galsworthy (D) 3
4. **THE LAST DAYS OF PETER**, John Galsworthy (D) 4
5. **THE LAST DAYS OF PETER**, John Galsworthy (D) 5
6. **THE LAST DAYS OF PETER**, John Galsworthy (D) 6
7. **THE LAST DAYS OF PETER**, John Galsworthy (D) 7
8. **THE LAST DAYS OF PETER**, John Galsworthy (D) 8
9. **THE LAST DAYS OF PETER**, John Galsworthy (D) 9
10. **THE LAST DAYS OF PETER**, John Galsworthy (D) 10

1. **THE LAST DAYS OF PETER**, John Galsworthy (D)

Murray's handicap

After he created and played the role of a crazy granddaddy in the 1980 hit film, *Caddyshack*, actor Bill Murray and golf have become synonymous. But his love of the game started long before the movie, as chronicled in his memoir, *Caddyshack: My Life in Golf* (Doubleday). Filled with his trademark deadpan humor—and amusing photos of Murray as an unconventional golf aficionado—the book maps his life on the fairway and society's fascination with the little white ball. Boys and aimed in suburban Chicago, Murray developed a taste for golf when he became a caddy at the age of 10. He eventually worked his way up to groundskeeper while acting in local productions.

Murray is now a regular—and crowd favorite—on the celebrity *Pan Am* golf tour.



Passages

Awarded: A Tony to Martin Short, 45, for best actor in a musical, recognizing his performance in the Broadway production *Little Men* in New York City.

The Hamilton native has co-starred in numerous films, including *Three Amigos* and *Father of the Bride*. He has also performed in stage productions such as *Ned Flanders' The Goodbye Girl*.



Died: From Benslie, 80, former diplomat and Second World War veteran who served a definitive piece of Italian Renaissance art in *Italy, Quo!* In 1945, as a young officer fighting in Italy, Benslie found a wooden cross containing Benslie's 15th-century painting *Proserpina*—also known as *Allegory of Spring*—and preserved it for Italian authorities.

Died: Longtime Conservative MP and former lieutenant-governor of Alberta Gordon Towers, 79, in Red Deer. Also, Towers represented the riding of Red Deer from 1972 to 1988, and was lieutenant-governor from 1991 to 1996.

Awarded: The President Inglese prize for music in Canadian jazz-jazz Oscar Peterson, 75, by the Japan Art Association, in New York City. The \$177,000 award recognizes Peterson's achievement in the arts.

Named: Photographer David Laundy, 90, as one of the 100 most influential figures of the 20th century, in the *International Who's Who*. Laundy was the only Canadian named to the list.

Appointed: Peter Donolo, 39, Prime Minister Jean Chrétien's longtime director of communications, as consul general in Milan, Italy.

Died: Star *TV* actor Duane Kelly, 79, after a lengthy illness, in Los Angeles. Kelly played "crazy" doctor Leonard (Bones) McCoy on the popular 1960s television series and in an subsequent *Star Trek* movies.

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Opening Notes

Explorer

No-snoop screen

The problem is the snoopy colleague, or perhaps the snooping visitor on a crowded flight—the person who can't wait a peek at the material on someone else's computer monitor. The solution, for some people, may be the Exclusive View monitor, developed and manufactured by Scripta Technologies Inc., based in a Los Angeles suburb. A flat-panel monitor, which is a mere 2.5 cm thick, the Exclusive View looks like similar monitors—except when it is switched on nothing is visible on the screen. A film-like substance, embedded in the screen, makes the screen appear blank unless the user is wearing special eyeglasses resembling sunglasses. Perfect for the office snooper plays.

Surfing the office

The barriers between the Internet and the personal computer continue to fall. Last week, Microsoft added to the Web mainstream with the release of the latest version of its top-selling Office package. It features such traditional software as word-processing and spreadsheets. But Office 2000 also allows users web access to a Web

server to work simultaneously on the same document no matter where they are located. Plus they can instantly copy documents to and from internal corporate networks, called intranets, and the Internet. Another way the Redmond, Wash., software giant is signifying the importance of the Net: the more expensive versions of Office 2000 include Web site publishing tools. Prices for Office 2000 range from \$770 to \$1,290.

Condensing news

When *Fox Sparring* gets up at the morning, he heads for his personal computer, rather than the desktop, to arrive the newspaper. Sparring is a vice-president for Wayne, N.J.-based Audible Inc., a company that produces portable audio players about the size of a deck of cards, which can store up to seven hours of material on a digital memory chip. Audible's 7,000-side library includes newspapers, periodicals and speeches. The recordings can be purchased through the company's Web site, downloaded and transferred on to an audio player. Sparring says the company has a network of people who each night read and record about 15 *Wall Street Journal* and 31 *New York Times* articles.

D'Arcy Joseph with
Werner Cangelier in Toronto



WVO-CI PersonalBook computer: digital camera

Say 'cheese' for the computer

After Toshio Kondo and his wife, Mizuko, had their first child, Rika, last January, the Toronto-based Sony of Canada executive was anxious to send pictures back to his parents in Tokyo. But rather than using a conventional still or video camera, Kondo added on a new Sony product called the WVO-CI PersonalBook computer. The compact laptop has a digital camera about the size of a slice of lipstick, embedded in the lid, which Kondo used to record his daughter sleeping in her crib. He then

sent the images to his parents by e-mail. "My parents got the photos within hours," says Kondo.

The PersonalBook will be available in Canada in mid-July for about \$4,000. Weighing just 1.5 kg, it is one of the smallest laptops on the market and the first to include a built-in camera. It runs on Windows 98 and contains a photo menu with 25 different functions, allowing the user to take still or moving images in colour, black and white, up to and away other formats.

Maclean's

Maclean's captures top media awards



The National Magazine Awards: Maclean's won the prestigious President's Medal for best overall article, "Rape in the Military" by Susan Waver June O'Hara, the same package also won the Gold Award for investigative reporting; the eighth annual ranking of universities by *Academic Managing Editor Ann Downen Johnston* and staff won the Gold Award for editorial package; *Honourable Mention* went to "Hanging Rhapsody" and "Ginger de Soto" by Maclean's film critic Brian D. Johnston and to Maclean's Winter Olympics package, "Gold Rush" by Executive Editor Bob Lewis, Sports and Life Editor James Duncan and their colleagues.

The Canadian Journalism Foundation's "Excellence in Journalism" Award: This award recognizes the outstanding work of a journalistic organization. Maclean's was selected for devoting major resources to covering important public issues and for maintaining an unflinching commitment to journalistic integrity.

The Michener Award Honorable Mention: Presented to Maclean's for a series investigating troubles in the Canadian military, the award focuses on the public benefit generated by media projects.

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The new Ten Commandments

Spring is graduation season. Across the country, an estimated 170,000 freshly minted university grads are attending ceremonies, where they're offered unsolicited advice from earnest valedictorians on how to conduct their lives.

I participated in just such an occasion earlier this month at the University of British Columbia, and offered as graduation gift students my version of the Ten Commandments to light their way. Here it is in a refined and expanded

1. That well-known philosopher, Grace Slick, late of Jefferson Airplane, once complained to a San Francisco audience that "It's really tough trying to sing and throw an act at the same time." Don't try it. She was right.

2. Niccolo Machiavelli counselled his Italian Prince to claim everything, concede nothing and, if defeated, always find a way to come back. Make this your motto. It will come in handy.

3. A story, once upon a time, there was a man to whom Jesus Christ appeared in a dream, saying that He was about to be dis-cord to earth to visit her humble convent. Trembling with reverent excitement, she ran to her Mother Superior to ask, "What shall we do?"

The Master Superior thought for a moment, then replied, "Look busy!" Good advice. No matter what happens to you in life, always look busy.

4. What forms a generation is the agony of its expectations. What triggers its drive for power is some deeply felt, shared experience. My own generation came of age in the 1930s, a dimly lit, gray time of apprenticeship, lacking any unifying experience. We shared no cause, drawing our insights unquestioningly from our professors.

You're different. And you're lucky. The climate in the country of the mind that you inhabit is governed by a totally skewed microscope.

Remain open to new experiences. Don't commit yourself in too much of a hurry. You may discover that the middle-class life for which you're now nearly qualified is less, much less, than you thought it was.

Be true to the imperatives of your own generation, not to that of your elders. For many of you, the generation gap has become a chasm across which you stare at us with dis-
course, I hope so. I highly commend that attitude. Never

5. Always light the status quo. Never join it. I think. Reject the assumption that more is necessarily better, that efficiency and material gain are the ultimate goals of human activity. They're not.

6. Don't trade off too cheaply your energies, your inspiration or your vitality to the people who'll be cruel.

ing those qualities. You are the future. Use that leverage. Don't sell out. But if you have to, don't go cheap.

7. **Reach out for happiness.** Robertson Davis, the creator, in a convocation speech once said: "If you try to avoid you, but if you pay no attention to your leg and spring unbidden."

happiness, pin your hopes on
on and as much with your first-
Willie Carter, the American
when it comes to me, it comes
new happiness; it can't be man-

not widely, but deeply. It is not just appreciating life that brings us here. The uncomfortable fact is we spend the past four years of our lives in a place that doesn't exist. You have been an academic climate qualitatively worse than you are about to enter and I could give you a couple of things to go out into that cold, cruel world like "Don't sit."

1. *Journal of the American Medical Association*, 1997; 278: 1039-1044.

the privileged few, being sent out to a knowledge society—armed with the lucky Breyer your good for-
ever idealism

soon. Not everybody lands in a first whack. I began working in, spent some time at a rural in Essex's Toytown. You, too, k in your lifetimes.

ood education you now possess
you with a higher standard of
is a higher standard of life. Un-
ly about values. Define them
is no great daily grind.

the potential of being Canadian, not some vague multiculturalist trade of a country. You manifest a life that make this an exciting new social values, disdaining pomposity and of another age.

admirer—obey them or ignore
don't forget to flow

[illegible]

By John DeMoss in Moncton

Anyone who fears that baby-faced Bernard Lord is too young and green to run the province of New Brunswick had better note one telling fact about his past. He used to sell cars. More than that, he was one of the top salesmen on the Acadia Toyota lot while putting himself through law school at the Université de Moncton during the late 1980s. Back then, Lord cut much the same figure as he did last week when his Tory party scored its stunning political upset—wheepshoo, young, but seemingly homespun—and then went undisturbed a few inches from full-dress salesmen when he tried to end it that first outburst. But Lord never pushed too hard for a sale, never became easily discouraged when a customer refused to bite. And when one sales strategy failed, he simply tried another. "We all learned it was a mistake to underestimate his abilities," remembers Stan Giroux, the owner of Acadia Toyota.

So why do people keep anticipating those choicest looks? The formerly bilingual lawyer was a dark horse

in power. And there he sat after the polls closed. Lord, just 33, flushed the thousands up signs from a stage in a sweltering Moncton curling club after his party swept 44 of 55 seats and ended the Gair dynasty—three successive majorities—in rubble.

It was a stunning victory, even though New Brunswick voters have a tradition of turning viciously against long-reigning governments. Liberal Louis Robitaille, just 34 when he became premier in 1990, ruled until 1970 when the economic sound on his government. His successor, the flamboyant Tory Richard Hatfield, led a 17-year run before losing every one of his party's 56 seats to Frank McKenna's Liberals in 1987. Now, New Brunswickers have again turned their future to an untested, unknown leader promising miracles.

Lord's performance during the campaign was flawless enough to impress even the most seasoned political pundit. New Brunswickers took to a politician who adopted the B-52's hit *Love Train* as his unofficial campaign theme, but who still adhered to getting political ideas from such venerable sources as Pierre

The Youngest Premier

Bernard Lord used to sell cars. Now, he's succeeded in selling his Tories to the voters of New Brunswick.

to become leader of the hapless New Brunswick Tory party after Bernard Valcourt was driven out during a flaccid leadership review in 1997—but won on the second ballot. With Tory support at 38 per cent, advisors told him it would be insane to run in the Moncton area by-election last October, yet he knocked off a new Liberal candidate, former NHUer Charles Bourgeois, by 718 votes. Expectations for the Conservatives were even lower when Premier Camille Thériault called a June 7 election with his ruling Liberals 25 percentage points ahead in public opinion polls. But the Tories ran a sleep campaign, much of it built around their first-faced, energetic leader, with promises of tax cuts and smaller government within the first 300 days



Lord, pinching a message of change that resonated throughout the province

Trudette and Sir John A. Macdonald. Lord is a fiscal conservative, but one who earlier worked on a New Democratic party campaign. "When asked about the pit bull, the father of two—he and his wife, Diane, 33, have a son, Sebastian, 5, and a daughter, Jazmine, 3—is confident enough to boast in an interview: "I've seen whatever responsibilities have been laid on me before and I will do it again." But then, on the next breath, he will carefully admit that the prospect of serving drives in September with Prime Minister Jean Chrétien and French President Jacques Chirac at the francophone summit in Moncton leaves him feeling "overwhelmed."

Considering how far he has come, and how quickly, that is perfectly understandable. Lord was born in Quebec's Lac-St-Jean region, but his parents moved to Moncton when he was just a baby. Ever since, he has spent his life close to home, in the place where, at 33, he has yet to travel any farther west than Saskatchewan. But in an interview last week, Lord spoke of how his father, an anglophone bank pilot, and his Quebec-born mother instilled their values, discipline and abiding faith in education in the future premier and his three older siblings. One brother, Roger, is a classical concert pianist now touring Asia, while the other, Frank, is a well-regarded local physician, says Marie-Louise, archivist, historian and journalist at the Université de Moncton. "I was a serious kid," Lord recalls. "When I was 6 or 7, I'd rather sit around and watch the TV news that follow the *National Canadian*."

Growing up in middle-class, west-end Moncton, he was down to earth under his youngpans. Acquaintances say he never bothered to try out for any school events, although he was a natural athlete who dominated their playground ball hockey games. But more often than not, he and his friends used to spend their free time playing board games such as Monopoly and chess and burning the local video game parlors. "Bernard's fondest games were Pac-Man and Asteroid," laughs Yvan

Chouin, a friend since Grade 7 who owns on to become Lord's law partner. "He was very cooperative then—I guess he still is." That stood out for him in other ways: Lord was one of the winners on his high-school *Search for the Top man*. And during university at 18, he promptly won the post of student union president, and was re-elected two more times.

After earning a bachelor of arts (honours) degree he went to law school. He then joined a mid-sized Montreal law firm in 1982 (Chouin, who had also completed a law degree, passed the same firm in 1991).

Two years later, they formed their own firm, focusing on criminal and insurance work. Lord, by all accounts, was a promising young litigator who was two cases before the New Brunswick Court of Appeal. Publicly, meanwhile, he was firing his way. He started a few NDP meetings in the early



Themselves a flat campaign built around the government's job creation record

1990s, even helping out as a provincial campaigner, and the New Democrats tried him to run in the 1993 provincial election. But so did the Conservatives. "The PC party's policies were what drew me," he says, "particularly the belief that everything should not be controlled in the hands of governments." Lord won the Conservative nomination in Droppemont, a suburban Montreal riding. But the Tories—himself included—were decimated by Premier Frank McKenna's Liberal machine.

In that election, the Tories were just as soon. But Lord had made an impression, and party brass began to envision him as a potential saviour. "He was bright, extremely ambitious and

Fluently bilingual, the 33-year-old Lord has made a habit of confounding expectations during his short but dynamic political career

fluently bilingual," recalls party executive-director Barbara Winsor, who visited Lord's law office in 1996 and agreed him to consider running for the provincial Tory leadership. "Bernard seemed to be just what we were waiting for." The war was a done one. In April, 1997, Mulcair, a former federal cabinet minister, quit after receiving just 62 per cent of the vote during a party leadership advance. Lord emerged during a week-long speech at that October's leadership convention, but won a second-ballot victory by 235 votes.

Lord moved quickly to lead the leadership campaign off by appointing his two opponents—Norman Bates and Margaret Jean Blaney—co-leaders of party policy. Then came McKenna's resignation in late 1997. Thémelin, an ambitious, long-time cabinet minister, emerged victorious from the Liberal leadership convention in May, 1998, and moved into the premier's office. By late March, with the Liberals enjoying a strong lead over the Tories, party strategists were confidently talking about another easy walk to victory.

It was not to be. The Tories showed up their campaign by losing in long-time party strategists John Laing and David McLaughlin (among other things, Laing was an Ontario Premier Mike Harris's 1990 party leadership campaigner, while McLaughlin worked in the office of prime minister Kim Campbell and Brian Mulroney). Their approach was simple: developing a platform that focused on tax cuts, reinventing in health care and directing down government to establish the Tories as a credible alternative to the government—then being far off the mark with everything from getting the campaign bus on the road to placing a coat on potholes. The key was showcasing Lord—youthful and a better communicator than the 44-year-old Thémelin—on an agenda of change. With the Liberals running a flat campaign built around their job creation record, their lead began to evaporate. "Lord's political instincts were superb," declared Laing, in an interview from the Toronto offices of Northeast Research Partners, where he is a senior associate. "He never made a misstep."

Until they can find a house in Fredericton, Lord and his wife—who was doing graduate work in education at the University of Montreal before the campaign began—will continue to live in a spacious, but hardly grand, two-story house in Droppemont. The drive to Toyota RAV4, a compact sport utility vehicle. Even though Lord usually seems a few years and a couple of inches above the barbour. And although Lord has been known to puff on the occasional Cuban cigar, his only real indulgence is playing golf with his old friend. He'll 10 handicaps in a day to suffer in the days ahead. Within his first 200 days in power, Lord vows he will deliver on all 21 decision points, everything from ending, on earth of the province's freedom to cancelling tolls on a controversial highway between Montreal and Fredericton. Last week, he asked for seconds from his 44-member caucus to see who is a caber netter. Only one has been a government member before, and the premier-elect is looking down over carefully. Lord, more than anybody, knows political success comes can have utility beginnings. ■

A star for the Supreme Court

Louise Arbour gets ready to exit the world stage

When Louise Arbour left Canada in 1996, she had a reputation as an independent-minded Ontario Court of Appeal judge who had once been an engaging law professor. But when the courts in September to take her seat on the Supreme Court of Canada, her presence will be a reminder of more solid things than the courtroom and the classroom. During her three-year stint at the Hague as the chief United Nations war-crimes prosecutor, Arbour left behind down into the mud of mass graves and up into the glare of television lights. She has appeared prominently on the world's news, being blocked from entering Kosovo by the Serbian forces she wanted to investigate and, more recently, announcing the indictment of Yugoslav President Slobodan Milosevic for crimes against humanity. As Justice Minister Anne McLellan put it last week, after announcing Arbour's widely anticipated appointment to Canada's top court, this is a judge who has "dealt with some of the most difficult and challenging issues of our modern time."

Groundwork claims after occupying several judicial appointments. But in this instance the high praise could not be dismissed as hyperbole. "I think it is unquestioned that she will make a singular contribution to the highest court in the land," McLellan declared. Nobody was arguing "the question of exactly what role Arbour, 52, will play left many court watchers equivocating. While she has a lengthy judicial track record, her rulings do not form a trademark of a predictable, ideological mind. She is renowned as a criminal law specialist, but has defied pigeonholing—issuing some judgments that safeguard the rights of the accused and others that shore up the powers of the state. "She is

often called principled," said her friend Don Stewart, a law professor at Queen's University. "I would also say pretty pragmatic."

In 1991, the pragmatic Arbour stepped in to ensure order after a controversial Supreme Court of Canada ruling had put new emphasis on an accused's right to prompt justice, leading to thousands of criminal charges being stayed because they took too long to get to trial. Arbour ruled that the Supreme Court could not have meant to impose a rigid timetable on trials—a decision that ensured a sensible flexibility to criminal prosecutors. Crown attorneys celebrated. But the next year, it was the principled Arbour who ordered a new trial for a man accused of adultery whose lawyer claimed he had signed a confession on only after being beaten by police. Arbour backed the trial judge for failing to give reasons for allowing the confession to be entered as evidence. This time, it was the defence lawyers' turn to applaud.

Arbour's balanced approach to criminal law should ensure her a high profile as the Supreme Court. She replaces missing Justice Peter Cory, who, along with Chief Justice Antonio Lamer, was the court's acknowledged specialist in the area of criminal law. Having just two such experts among the court's nine judges makes many observers as barely sufficient to handle the workload. Patrick Monahan, a professor at York University's Osgoode Hall Law School, says 43 per cent of the Supreme Court cases in 1998 involved criminal law, more than double the 21 per cent that were Charter of Rights and Free-



The new justice, pragmatic and principled

dom cases, and far more than the smattering of civil, tax and administrative law matters deemed worthy of the court's attention.

But Arbour's impact will depend on more than her acumen as a busy field. Those who know her well say her charm will serve her well in the court's intense internal politics. And then there is her résumé, a model of bilingual, bicultural credentials. Educated at the Université de Montréal, where Lamer was one of her mentors, the wife of a riskier law career in Ontario, first as a popular Osgoode Hall professor, then as a powership judge. With serious posturing that Lamer, 65, might step down long before his mandatory retirement 10 years from now, Arbour's name is already whispered as a possible successor. (Many observers regard Justice Beverly McLachlin, a British Columbian, as the other top candidate.) Arbour may be coming home to grapple with lofty questions of law, but many observers will be more interested in the question of who might be Canada's first female chief justice.

John Gribbles in Ottawa



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Hot days in Ottawa

As MPs prepared to go on their three month summer break, Prime Minister Jean Chrétien ordered another round of questions in the House over allegations of conflict of interest. On Thursday, the Reform caucus walked out of the Commons in protest, saying that Chrétien was in "concealment of Parliament" for not adequately explaining government press releases that were in Quebec businessman Claude Gauthier, a confidante to the Liberal party who had business links to the Prime Minister's blind trust.

Air-traffic deal

Three months before a government deadline for an imposed settlement, an traffic conflict resolved a contract agreement with Air Canada, the majority corporation that runs the country's air-traffic control system. The six-year 30-month deal, which will be voted on in July, would give the 2008 controllers an average 34-per-cent wage increase and lengthen their work week by two hours to 36 hours. Air Canada also agreed to establish a committee to study stress, fatigue and other workplace issues.

Marriage vows

The federal Liberals opposed a Reform party motion stating that a legal marriage can only take place between a man and a woman. The vote occurred a day before the release of a new poll showing that 53 per cent of Canadians favour legalizing marriage for gay and lesbians.

'Considerable resistance'

Military ombudsman Andre Marin said that, one year after being appointed to his newly created position by Defence Minister Art Eggleton, he still cannot begin to imagine any of the 358 complaints he has received because he and the department's civilian defence counsel agree on a detailed procedure for his office. Marin told a news conference that senior military officials have shown "considerable resistance throughout the process."

Murder in Montreal

A man linked to the death of a woman's father was found guilty of first-degree murder, 42, with seven years from a hearing date. Roger's husband, Marcel Senechal, was charged with murder. The incident raised concerns about safety in women's shelters.

Canada Notes

A close win for Manning

Proton Manning seemed relieved by the outcome. Other voters to vote in the Reform party released the results of an internal party referendum on pursuing Manning's dream of a right-wing United Alternative. In the end, 60.5 per cent of those Reformers who voted were in favour of the initiative, which would see Manning's party pursue a coalition with Conservatives. About 50 per cent of the party's 65,000 members voted, with a majority of Reformers in eight out of nine provinces backing Manning's plan (there was no recorded vote from Prince Edward Island, Saskatchewan voted against the U.A.).

Tory Leader Jim Clark, who remains resolutely opposed to the United Alternative, characterized the referendum results as "hardly overwhelming." In fact, during the run-up to the voting, which took place over the month of May, a group of 17 dissident Reform MPs campaigned against a coalition with the Tories (Reform has a total of 59 MPs). Last



Manning pursuing a United Alternative

week, after the referendum results were released, they promised to abide by the outcome—as long as Manning offers to his promise to hold an open leadership contest if he creates a new political entity. One of them, Manitoba MP Jake Hoppe, said he would be among those seeking the leadership—because the new party has to be "formed with the same principles that Reform had."

Facing the wrath over God

British Columbia MP Gerald Robertson rebelled in the House of Commons to have a reference to God deleted from the Charter of Rights and Freedoms—and was roundly criticized from all sides of the political spectrum. His own New Democratic Party, which was founded in part on religious principles in 1958 as the Co-operative Commonwealth Federation, upbraided Robertson for leading the Borden/Douglas MP off the front bench. The position was drafted by the Humanist Association of Canada and signed by 1,000 people.

Focus on a killer

The Walt Disney Co. apologized after reports that the company was planning to use the story of sex killer Paul Bernardo, along with tales of other notorious murderers, to publicize the upcoming new Spike Lee movie *Summer of Sam*. Geoffrey Ausner, Disney's senior vice-president of marketing in Los Angeles, said Disney will "absolutely, posi-

tively" not refer to Bernardo or other killers in its marketing for the film, which chronicles the 1977 Son of Sam killings in New York City—and added the consultation may have been the result of a newly hired publicist. At Kingston Penitentiary, meanwhile, five inmates rushed a guard at the segregation unit, where Bernardo is housed. Officials were investigating the possibility that the attack was aimed at Bernardo, who is widely despised by other prisoners.

To Keep the PEACE

By Tom Fennell

As a veteran peacekeeper, Maj. Paul Fleury is no stranger to hostile Kosovo terrain. But last week, as he stood in the scolding sun over the Kosovo border watching his troops load ammunition into their green Coyote armored vehicles, he knew his assignment would be the most dangerous yet. Fleury and the troops he is commanding from the Edmonton-based Lord Strathcona Horse Regiment were among the 200 Canadians that crisscrossed with a huge conveyer of British armour into Kosovo on Saturday to help open a critical corridor allowing thousands of NATO soldiers to fan out across Serbia's war-torn southern province. The Coyotes crept, peering from behind machine guns, were on the lookout for struggles from the attacking Yugoslav army, and filed critical reconnaissance information back to the main force. A determined Fleury bluntly told *Maclean's* that once if they came under heavy fire, "we intend to refuse the peace."

The uncertain pact that took Fleury into Kosovo was scheduled to allow right last week as a controversial test on a muddy military base in neighbouring Macedonia. After 78 straight days of bombing, and five days of narrow on-again-off-again talks, the opposing Yugoslav and NATO commanders finally emerged with a deal. Crushed in green battle fatigues, both claimed victory. Nearly 5,000 Serbian soldiers may have died in the conflict that began on March 24, and NATO warplanes have unquestionably devastated the country's economy, but Yugoslav Gen. Sreten Mijacic told *Maclean's*: "President Slobodan Milosevic has won." Then, he stepped into the darkness as NATO's ground commander, Lt. Gen. Mike Jackson of Britain, made it clear that the victory was an all-right. The Yugoslavs had just 11 days to get out of Kosovo. "If the withdrawal is suitable it is reached," warned Jackson, "an operation will resume."

NATO may have won the war without suffering a sin-

gle combat casualty, but now it will have to win the peace—and that could take decades in a case of what experts estimate at \$50 billion. Not only must the alliance secure almost one million ethnic Albanians to what is left of their homes, it must continue to balance competing political interests in the region that threatened to spin out of control just hours after peace was declared. Early Saturday morning, against all promises of a united advance, a column of Russian armour and 200 Russian troops jumped the gun and rolled into Kosovo where Serbian civilians gave them a rousing welcome as the province's capital of Pristina. Under the terms of the pact, Kosovo has been carved up into five regions, each controlled by a NATO country. But Russia, which was instrumental in engineering an end to the war, wants its own sector to police in Kosovo. "It's very important the Russians cause fear," said Mijacic. "Dancevic, 18. 'They are on our side, while NATO openly supports the Albanian side.'"

Throughout the Kosovo crisis, top Russian officials including President Boris Yeltsin have talked tough but avoided a direct confrontation with NATO. However, hardliners in the defence ministry have pushed for a stronger response. "Russia," said a foreign ministry spokesman, "will not take part in a second-on-again war." Political intrigue in Moscow is not the only threat to Kosovo's future. Analysts warn the peace accord itself may yet come back to haunt the alliance. Unlike the

Foreign turf

Kosovo peacekeeping sectors



British helicopters lead the first NATO troops into Kosovo. Few people are asking questions about the larger policy issues.

The fragile accord that stopped the bombing of Yugoslavia could be very good news for President Slobodan Milosevic

rejected package the major powers offered Milosevic in Rott, heffles, France, in early March, the new pact could ultimately force NATO to contain the Kosovo Liberation Army on behalf of Serbia. Under Rambouillet, citizens of Kosovo were to vote on whether to become independent, but under the NATO plan adopted by the United Nations last week, Kosovo remains part of Serbia. As a result, says Averi Staan, a professor of international relations at the University of Toronto, NATO could be tied down as both sides move this battle for control. "Sadly," adds Brown, "few people are asking questions about the larger policy issues."

In fact, narrower points almost decided the peace talks when the Yugoslav generals first met their NATO counterparts in Macedonia. The Yugoslavs wanted to ensure that troops from Russia, Belgrade's longtime ally, would be involved in the peacekeeping force and that the force would operate under the auspices of the UN. They walked away from the bargaining table when no agreement was reached. The Group of Eight industrialized countries, including Russia, then built in Cologne, Germany, for two days and hammered out some delicate modifications. The Canadian

delegation left Cologne enthused. "Good faith went a long way," said one Canadian official. "That's all they needed."

Under the new pact, Russia agreed to allocate as many as 10,000 soldiers to the 50,000-strong peacekeeping force, which NATO would command under the auspices of the United Nations. NATO then suspended its bombing campaign, allowing the UN Security Council to pass a resolution accepting the pact, and peacekeepers from 23 countries were deployed across Kosovo. If the Serbs complete their withdrawal as planned, the province will be ruled by a five-kilometer demilitarized buffer zone along its border. It will also be divided into five sectors, each controlled by a major power—Italy, France, Germany, Britain and the United States.

And just as Canada's 800 troops in Macedonia prepared to push into Kosovo, Defence Minister Art Eggleton announced that Ottawa would send another 500. Most will come from the First Battalion of the Princess Patricia's Canadian Light Infantry based in Edmonton. They are expected to quickly join up with the thousands of NATO troops, tanks and tanks that finally swept into Kosovo from Macedonia. NATO's first task

was to secure the hillside and the main road north to Pristina. The Russian troops already in Pristina did not appear to be a threat. "I'm sure," said NATO commander Gen. Wesley Clark, "that we'll be able to work this out in the fashion that soldiers naturally do."

Ultimately, the international force will pave the way for the return of the nearly one million ethnic Albanians, either forced from their homes or who fled in fear of the Serbs. The arrival of NATO troops on the weekend has already brought out many ethnic Albanians from hiding. "We are looking at a lot of internally displaced people," said Flory. "When we go in there, these people may feel more secure and come out of the hills where they have been hiding."

This could cause other concerns. With the Yugoslav army in retreat, many Serbs in Kosovo fear reprisals from the KLA. Prior to the bombing campaign, there were only 180,000 Serbs living in Kosovo compared with nearly two million ethnic Albanians. In the agreement, NATO promised to demilitarize the KLA, which since the early 1990s has been battling for complete independence from Yugoslavia. Last week, KLA leader Hashim Thaci warned the group would not attack Serbian troops as they withdrew. But, he added, "we will defend ourselves as necessary."

Even with the KLA remaining, it will be hard for many Serbs to leave Kosovo, the spiritual birthplace of modern Serbia. At a small party last week near Pristina, Serbian Orthodox Archbishop Arsenije urged those attending to stay or risk losing their sacred territory. "Whatever happens to us," he implored, "stay in your homes, in your villages."

Those that do stay will have to confront their former neighbors as they return from refugee camps and from far-off countries. Canada accepted 5,000 ethnic Albanian refugees, and most are staying in military bases across the country. Arsenije, 81, who is believed dead of Toronto at CFB Borden, spoke for many when he told *Milosevic* "I want my life, my country back." Ljilja Gajic, Arsenije's wife, 75, was living a happy life in Kosovo. She was studying classical piano in Pristina, but now Arsenije and 19 members of her family reside in the Borden barracks. As she tried to learn how to rollerblade, she described how her eight-bedroom house in Kosovo was



Flag-waving Kosovo Serbs welcome Russian troops in Pristina. 'They are on our side'

torched—and how heartless the "I mean everything," says Arsenije. "I'll go back the first chance I get. I'm determined, even if my house is burned down."

The international war crimes tribunal, led by Canadian chief prosecutor Louise Arbour, wants to look for evidence that many low-ranking ethnic Albanians were involved before reaching the refugee camps. It is poised to send teams of criminal investigators and forensic specialists into the disputed territory. Arbour has already charged Milosevic with war crimes and will stay on that case until the end of the summer when she assumes her new job as a justice of the Supreme Court of Canada. To help Arbour complete her current assignment, a team of forensic specialists is now being put together by RCMP Chief Supt. Peter Miller in Ottawa. Although there have been reports that Serbian troops tampered with grave sites in order to hide evidence of mass killings, Miller says they will not be able to completely sanitize such places. "Our people," he adds, "are familiar in dealing with crime scenes that have been tampered with, especially at murder scenes where people like to clean up."

Unfortunately, custom analyst Brian, Arbour's desire to arrest Milosevic and other accused criminals may ultimately prove impossible. Under the Rome Statute, NATO would have been allowed into Serbia proper, where it could have arrested war criminals. But under the new provisions adopted by the United Nations, NATO's war is limited to Kosovo. "Basically," says Brian, "the current agreement gives Milosevic a safe haven."

While the need of most people was upstaged in Belgrade following the end of the bombing, many also seemed resigned to leaving Milosevic in their leader for years to come. "He will put us on the path of a prosperous and reformer once again," says Nikola Gotic, a former Belgrade mayor and longtime ruling party official who now opposes Milosevic. "He will instigate fear. He will create new hot spots." And for the moment, that strategy will likely help keep the dictator who has thoughtfully ennobled the West in the Balkans firmly in power.

With Brian Miller in Ottawa, Susan Cole at CFB Borden and Svetlana Djordjevic in Belgrade



Refugee Klapina: 'I'll go back'

Mandela's final curtain

Nelson Mandela, the 80-year-old founding father of modern South Africa, was to make his final speech in Parliament on June 14, two days before officially retiring to a cottage in the Thembu village of Quthulini where he was born. Mandela's ruling African National Congress party, now led by acting president Thabo Mbeki, won a whopping 256 of the 400 seats in the country's National Assembly last week—just one short of the two-thirds necessary to unilaterally change the country's constitution.

Clinton accuser divorcing

Paula Jones, the former Arkansas state employee who said President Bill Clinton exposed himself to her in a crude encounter on a Little Rock hotel room in 1991, is being sued for divorce by her husband of seven years. Angering some Baptists, Jones cites irreconcilable differences in his divorce petition. He wants joint custody of the couple's two children and spousal support for himself.

Asthma, obesity rise

Americans are healthier than they were 34 years ago, showing declines in breast cancer deaths and infant mortality, among others. But there are still sharp health differences between races, and obesity and asthma are surging upwards, says a program report by the department of health and human services. A report finding for researchers' hospitals for asthma among preschool children has tripled in 30 years.

Cosby climaxed fired

Karen Jackson, the 24-year-old woman who claimed to be Bill Cosby's illegitimate daughter, was released from prison after serving just one half her 30-month sentence for trying to extort \$40 million (U.S.) from the famous comedian. A federal appeals court ruled that the trial judge erred in telling jurors it did not matter if she believed her claim.

Footprints in time

In an ancient cave filled with prehistoric drawings of animals, French archeologists found the footprint of a weighty 10-year-old boy, preserved in the soft clay for no reason that is clear. Believed to be the oldest human footprint in Europe, they are now the subject of a legal dispute between the government and the amateur spelunker who discovered the one five years ago in the Ardèche region of southern France.



Getting a grip on Belgium's tainted medals

A French investor checks a stack of Belgian medals to see if they have been declared safe from the cancer-causing chemical dioxin. At least \$1.2 billion worth of Belgian meat and poultry has been destroyed because of food contaminated by trans-fat. Belgium has guaranteed the offending firms. Despite the losses, the medals were not melted weeks ago when the tainted food was discovered.

Waiting for democracy

The voting went well, according to international observers. The counting was another story. By week's end, Indonesian themselves were taking to the streets, protesting the glacially slow pace in which Mandala's legislative work was being rolled. In the first two elections in 44 years, organizers pleaded for patience in a country with 150 million voters stretched along an equatorial archipelago 5,000 km wide. With only one-third of its main isle, Indonesian ruling

Gabai party, the elected victors of the last election before he was deposed last year, conceded defeat with 19.3 percent of the vote, well behind the reformist party of Megawati Sukarnoputri, with 35 percent. Still, Gabai could challenge a coalition with the handful of small Muslim parties. The new 500-member parliament, which will include 38 appointed representatives from the military, will join another 200 provincial and regional delegates to elect a president in November. Leading contenders so far are Megawati, daughter of founding president Sukarno, and current President B. J. Habibie, Suharto's hand-picked successor.

De-worming the Internet

A new Internet-borne infection called the ExploitZip worm that down corporate e-mail systems in Canada, the United States and Europe for at least a day last week as technicians tried to debug thousands of infected computers. Known as a worm because it doesn't replicate itself like the Melissa or Chernobyl computer viruses from earlier this year, ExploitZip quickly destroys files created by Microsoft programs once a recipient opens an attachment to a seemingly innocuous e-mail message it generates. Professional delegates believe the worm originated in Israel.

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Deirdre McMurdy

A boorish business

Earlier this century, an American woman named Emily Post gained widespread

recognition in society circles as the semi-official arbiter of all that was right and proper. What fails to appear to us with a wink? Should a gentleman walk closer to the street, or the street sidewalk when crossing a ledge? What is the appropriate sequence when making an introduction?

As the end of the century approaches, it's all too apparent that Emily Post is both gone and long forgotten—particularly in the corporate world. And, it seems that with summer's arrival, established standards of deportment are melting away. Consider some recent examples and trends that arose during the workplace. Although the North American economy is ailing, companies continue to cut costs and eliminate jobs. Last week, Procter & Gamble Inc. announced it will chop 15,000 positions worldwide, and Caring Pacific Airways Ltd. plans to slash nearly 400 jobs by accepting salary reductions of up to 20 per cent.

The pace of such institutionalized uncertainty is apparent in other areas according to a recent survey by KPMG Investigations and Security Inc., 72 per cent of all corporate fraud is perpetrated by employees. Moreover, Infocast, the head of KPMG, notes that workers who commit fraud are usually driven less by financial fear than a sense of entitlement.

This sense—along with the popular notion of "empowerment"—also encourages people to blame others and shirk responsibility for their actions. This in turn leads to phenomena outside work such as "road rage," or more recently "air rage." Experts who have analyzed outbreaks of boorish behaviour among air travellers usually blame degradation and the airlines. Companies are crowding more people into less space and providing worse service at a higher price, we are told. Apparently, this causes passengers to verbally or physically assault flight attendants. Self-interest

never seems to enter the equation.

The lack of regard for traditional business etiquette extends to personal grooming. Casual Fridays, which began as a legitimization, limited campaign to raise money for charity, have spread like a virus. Many companies, especially those in the high-technology sector, seem convinced that if for women are more creative when they dress like bicycle couriers. Another example of relaxed standards is the newly appointed U.S. treasury secretary, Lawrence Summers. He is known for his sloppy attire and chronic lack of punctuality. But rather than suggesting that Summers reform to reflect the dignity of his office, Washington wags merely assume that others must adapt to his ways.

In our culture, it has become important to be—or at least appear—always busy. Global markets now function around the clock, thus has intensified the push to compete and capitalize on every opportunity. At the same time, companies demanding more individuals are asked to accomplish more with fewer resources. In the end, something must give. And when people cut corners, it is often at the expense of manners.

The prevailing perception seems to be that moral grace is a waste of time or an admission of weakness. But good manners are arguably efficient: they provide a perfect template for the human association that will drive the world ahead. If everyone would respect the rules of engagement, our socioeconomic clockwork would run more smoothly.

Still, all hope may not be lost. A few years ago, there were reports that newly rich high-tech world leaders were maintaining coaches to teach them how to look broad at formal business functions. Now, "schmoozing" seminars are in big demand. It seems that some business types have rediscovered the value and the challenge of well-mannered small talk. Most Post would be gratified, gentle reader.

Ameco checks out

Calgary-based Ameco Canada Petrol Inc. is getting out of the conventional and heavy oil business in Canada by selling its oilfield operations, worth about \$3 billion. An estimated 250 jobs in Alberta will be lost. Ameco will, however, continue producing natural gas. BP Amoco PLC, the world's largest private-sector oil producer and Ameco's parent company, says the move is part of its Canadian oil operations to cut as much as an opportunity elsewhere.

Home wars

Home Depot Canada plans to open about 24 stores in Quebec, Nova Scotia and New Brunswick over the next five years creating 4,800 jobs. Home Depot's expansion is made in new competition agreement with Quebec's Brico Depot, which kept Home Depot out of Quebec and Brico Depot out of the rest of Canada. The stage is now set for an all-out battle for Canada's \$15-billion home improvement retail business.

CIBC eyes Florida

The Canadian Imperial Bank of Commerce wants to offer banking services at Florida expansion run by Wildcat Bank Inc., one of the biggest U.S. food chains. The CIBC did not reveal details of the plan, but the bank has a similar relationship with Loblaw Cos. Ltd., giving grocery customers access to PC Financial banks that provide no-fee accounts and free chequeing.

Slashing jobs

The maker of familiar household items like Tupperware and Core products is eliminating 15,000 jobs worldwide over the years. Canadian-based Procter & Gamble Co. is looking to cut 13 per cent of its workforce as part of a global restructuring to speed product development. The firm has 2,500 employees in Canada, but only between 25 and 30 Canadian jobs are expected to be lost.

Canadian expansion

The Canadian Radio-television and Telecommunications Commission has ruled Canadian-owned radio will have a wider variety of TV programming. Documentaries, entertainment magazine shows and regional programs will now count. Private broadcasters had argued the company rules were making it hard to compete in an expanded marketplace, and they welcomed the changes.

Business Notes

Lining up for Canada Trust

The financial community is awash with speculation that Canada Trust, the country's largest trust company, is about to be sold to one of the big Canadian banks. British American Tobacco PLC admits it is considering a bid for the rest of the shares of Inco Ltd., the Montreal-based corporation that owns C&D Financial (the parent company of Canada Trust) among its diverse holdings. If such a deal goes through, Canada Trust, Shoppers Drug Mart and other Inco firms would be spun off, while BAT would keep Imperial Tobacco, the maker of the popular Player's and du Maurier cigarette brands.

Reports linking sources close to the BAT-Inco negotiations say the Toronto Dominion Bank already has a deal on the table to buy Canada Trust, which has assets of \$46 billion. The CIBC is also said to have expressed interest in the trust, which it used unsuccessfully to buy in 1997. While those two banks would not comment, John Cleghorn, the Royal Bank of Canada's chairman, said he expected that if Canada Trust did go on the block, there would be more than one bidder and a "would go to a pretty high price." (The Royal has not decided whether it would make an offer.)

Financial outlook

The Canadian dollar shot up almost half a US cent on Thursday after Statistics Canada reported that gross domestic



Safe sale: a deal could absorb the trust

product grew at an annualized rate of 4.2 per cent in the first quarter of 1999. "The market generally was expecting first per cent," said Gerald Buckley, director of foreign exchange at Scotia Capital Markets. "Some people are now suggesting we will continue to have good growth levels through the second half of the year." The loonie, which closed the week at 68.4 cents (U.S.), was also boosted by the news that Japan reported an annualized growth rate of 7.9 per cent in the first quarter. A strong Japan pulls up the rate of Asia and is a major market for resource-exporting countries like Canada.





The Marie Antoinette of taxes

Even after his landslide victory in New Brunswick's election last week, The Canadian Press vice president was still referring to Conservative Leader Bernard Lord, 35, as a "screaky kid in a suit," as though his elevation to the premier's office was some sort of fluke. In words, but in politics it never hurts to be underestimated by your opponents and the media. If Lord and his supporters weren't quiet, they need only look to Ontario, where Tory leader Mike Harris, no-doubt this month after trailing the Liberals in the polls for most of his first term, has made a career out of defying the pundits and the political establishment.

Harris and Lord have something else in common: a belief that Canadians are too highly taxed. Over the past three years, Harris slashed the provincial portion of personal income taxes by 30 per cent. In his second term, he has promised a further 20-per-cent cut, as well as a similar reduction to the provincial portion of property taxes. Lord isn't ready to go that far, but like Harris he's a supplier who believes tax cuts can lead to more, not less, revenue as more people work and the economy grows. His campaign platform held out the promise of a 10-per-cent personal tax break, plus a 25 per-cent cut to corporate income taxes on small business. Lord also wants to bring in a Taxpayer's Protection Act that will require future governments to seek voter approval for certain tax increases.

Only a few years ago, politicians who espoused such views tended to be dismissed as wild-eyed radicals. But Harris's success in Ontario has transformed the political landscape, forcing governments in other provinces to respond in kind—if not to the same degree—or accept the electoral consequences. Manitoba Premier Gary Filmon, facing an election in the fall, has promised a six-per-cent tax cut; not many have also fallen morally in British Columbia, Alberta, Saskatchewan and Nova Scotia. In New Brunswick, outgoing Premier Cassidy Thériault cancelled a scheduled 2.5-per-cent tax cut but wrote a decision that almost certainly contributed to his defeat. In rail-campaign, he began poaching the merits of lower taxes, but the flip-flop only served to erode his credibility.

Is there a tax revolt brewing across the land? So far, there's no evidence of one—and besides, most Canadians, outside of the West, don't go in for popular uprisings. There is, however, a growing consensus that the current tax rates penalize innovation and success, and that lower Canadian collective stan-

dards of living. Critics charge that people who advocate lower taxes are motivated by greed. There's undoubtedly some truth to that, but it's not

the whole story. Cutting taxes creates jobs and promotes economic growth, which Canada must do if it is to provide opportunities for young people and ensure that the best and brightest do not leave for more favourable surroundings.

It's simple, really, which is why it's so disconcerting that Prime Minister Jean Chrétien opposes to think lower taxes are un-Canadian. Last week, he told an interviewer that the pressure for tax cuts comes from business leaders who secretly want to destroy the country's social safety net and wreck the Canada in the American mould. Chrétien also denied that

Canada faces a brain drain and insisted that Ontarians who voted for Harris don't necessarily want lower taxes. "They voted to keep the same government, that's all."

Sorry, Prime Minister, but on this issue Mike Harris and Ray Stenevert are not only in a possible to cut taxes without concentrating health care and other social programs, it's essential. As the Information Technology Association of Canada pointed out last week, there are now as many as 30,000 vacant high-tech jobs across the country, in part because U.S.-based companies find Canada a conservative, hazing nation—one whose policies that Chrétien's government supports—the cuts can help make Canada a stronger and more prosperous country.

ITAC, of course, is an industry lobby group, so Chrétien's maritime reason may be to dismiss it as noise out of hand. In that case, perhaps he will listen to some of his own backbenchers—the nine Liberal MPs who form a majority on the House of Commons finance committee. In a report issued last week, the committee called on the government to dismantle the high-income surtax, reduce the middle tax rate of 26 per cent and increase the income level at which the highest rate of 29 per cent takes effect, currently \$65,000. All of these measures, it says, will enhance productivity and reduce the gap in living standards between Canada and the United States—a gap that Chrétien doesn't seem to think matters.

When Liberal MPs are pushing for tax cuts, you know something fundamental has changed. The bad their leader doesn't get it.



Chrétien in Ontario: let them pay up

Crowning the Export 'A' Skins Champion

Over the last couple of years, golf has grown so dramatically that the top players are mandated with efforts to tie it up around the globe. Except for the Majors, it has become nearly impossible to gather the very best together. But again this year for the Export 'A' Skins Game presented by Ericsson, the cream of the crop—Fred Couples, David Duval, John Daly, and Mike Weir—have come to play for the

Northern Eagles Trophy and a prize pot of \$340,000. But it is not all about money, they are also coming north to play for pride and to have some fun with their Canadian fans. The Export 'A' Skins Game will be held in Le Diable golf course in Mont Tremblant, Quebec, with the final nine being played on Monday, June 28, and the back nine on Tuesday, June 29. The game will get some discomfery across Canada on CBC television and throughout Quebec on the RDS network.



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Advertising Supplement

Player Profiles

John Daly



There has never been a golfer quite like John Daly. With his "grin-it-and-rip-it" philosophy, Long John was the first PGA Tour player to average over 300 yards on his drives. Of course, Daly is more than a one-trick wonder. At one point last season, he led the Tour in both the driving and putting stats.

While the record books recognize his superb wins at the PGA Championship in 1991 and his play-off victory of the 1995 British Open at St. Andrews, the 33-year-old's greatest attribute may be his connection with the galleries. Last year, when discouraged from the gallery after he finished putting out on the 17th green at Crownehurst Cove, P.E.I., Daly took one up in the fringe and crashed a drive 350 yards into the Gulf of St. Lawrence. Frustrated with his wayward drive, he pulled out the putter on the 18th tee and cranked the ball nearly 240 yards, landing safely in the fairway. After the coking and yelling died down, Daly muscled a 2-iron about the same distance to reach the green in regulation. "I had a great time in Prince Edward Island last year and really enjoyed the fans. It'll be great to crush the ball against Fred this year," says Daly.

Mike Weir



I took just four holes for Mike Weir of Brighton Grove, Ont., to prove that he was ready to play with the big boys at last year's Export 'A' Skins Game.

After the foursome of Daly, O'Meara, Couples and Weir held the second and third holes, \$48,000 worth of Skins carried over to the 4th, a 379-yard par 4. Although Weir pushed his drive into the rough, he recovered to sink the birdie putt and collect the cash. In fact, his three skins led the field after the first day of the competition. "It feels great," said an excited Weir after the opening nine. Besides the money, the 28-year-old's play also earned the praise of

his Skins Game foursome: "I've played with Mike a couple of times and I've told him, 'I have a lot of confidence in your game' ". said Mick O'Meara. "His has good technique, a good swing and he hits the ball a long way," summed up the Masters and British Open champs.

The confidence Weir picked up at the Export 'A' Skins Game opened every leg of the PGA Qualifying school. Considered one of the most grueling events in all of sports, "Q" school is a six-day-long marathon that tests both the mental and physical side of the players. Weir was up to the challenge and tied a field record 64 for a cumulative score of 24 under par, which put Weir into first place and secured his PGA playing card for 1999.

Weir made his debut at the Masters in the BellSouth Classic in April when he was third for the last time this Sunday's final round. Although Weir isn't the best of the last year, eventually overtaken by David Dowd's charge, the Canadian finished fifth. So far, 1998 has been the most financially successful year of Mike Weir's career.

There's always to be a golden rule that sports above the golf game is, Fred Couples. Whenever he finds a shot that looks like it's headed for trouble, Fred flashes his mischievous smile and the ball veers back to a playable lie. The sure has been especially strong during the Export 'A' Skins Game. The 39-year-old has played at all six Skins Games held in Canada, capturing the event four times and winning a staggering \$275,000.

The magic was in full force again last year at Crownehurst when Fred grabbed a total of 10 skins and was presented with a cheque for \$200,000. The key to Couples' winning ways was his 7-iron approach shot from the rough on the 14th hole. Fred wasn't happy with the swing. "Oh man, that felt ugly. That's only halfway," claimed Couples. But the stars realigned themselves and the ball bounced and then rolled to within 18 inches of the cup. Fred tapped in for eagle and collected four skins and \$90,000. "I got very lucky," said Fred afterwards with his characteristic modesty. Of course, any player who has won the Masters, 14 PGA tournaments and two Player of the

Fred Couples



Player Profiles

Year awards to much more than just lucky)

Couples has cut back substantially on his Tour schedule but has set aside the time to come to Canada to tee it up against Daly, Duval and Weir. "The Export 'A' Skins Game keeps getting more competitive and more entertaining. It's one of my favorite tournaments," says Couples. "I've heard great things about Le Diable."

David Duval



David Duval has never sought out fame and fortune. In fact he has always looked like he would be happy ending up in the spotlight. But now, as this NFL-linked player, Duval can no longer easily break up the leaderboard.

After a couple of frustrating years, when he posted seven consecutive finishes in October 1997, the Jacksonville, Fla. native finally busted loose by winning the PGA stop in Virginia. He then promptly won his next two tournaments, including the Tour Championship.

The emerging winning streak spilled over into 1998 and 1999, in the 18-month span from October 1997 to April 1999, Duval put up startlingly good statistics. During that time frame, he won 11 times in just 24 starts and earned \$6,458,201 U.S., an average of \$189,350-\$1 per event. Among the highlights was his first-round score of 59 to win the Bob Hope Classic. He is only the third PGA Tour player ever to shoot this ridiculously low number and the only one to do it during a final round. Duval, who started the day seven shots back of the leaders, says of the supernatural 59, "I humbled, I just felt humbled."

His other headline triumph was at the Players Championship in March, held at Pete Dye's famous Sawgrass layout near Jacksonville, Fla. The greens were as hard as marble, the fairways no wider than a matchstick and many of the world's top players were shooting in the 80s. But Duval was able to control the course, and his nerves, to finish under par, proving again that he in the game's hottest star.

Le Diable

Less than a decade ago, Mont Tremblant, the venerable resort in the fields of the Laurentians north of Montreal was run down and worn out. But that all changed in 1991 when Tremblant

was purchased by Inwest, the Canadian property company and resort operator. During the first phase of redevelopment, Inwest pumped an astounding \$497 million into the resort, and by the end of 2002, close to \$1 billion will have been injected into Tremblant.

One of the keys to turning Tremblant into a four-seasons playground is golf. In the mid-1990s, Inwest's commissioned architect Tom McRoom to build the resort's first course, Le Saint, was carved out of the granite shift and hardwood forest at the base of the mountain. He proved such a success that Inwest turned away 15,000 requests for the first season.

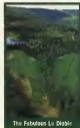
Last July, Tremblant opened Le Diable which was designed by the team of Michael Hurdan and Dana Fry, who named major waterways in the building of the Devil's Pulse and Devil's Panther trails north of Toronto.

Le Diable, named after the river that winds around the edge of the course, is destined to become another skilled winner. It stretches 4,061 yards from the red tees to 7,066 yards from the tips. It also boasts a unique mix of Ares-style golf — one of the holes are bordered by vast waste bunkers — while others feature towering white pines, long canyons over water and dramatic elevation changes.

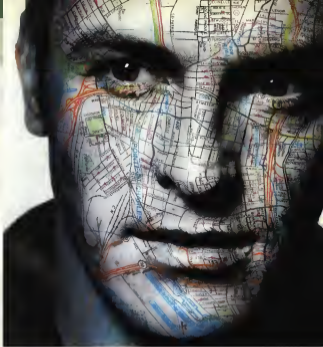
"There are not many golf courses that offer such a diverse experience," says Rolf Heister, who oversees the building of Le Diable and is coordinator for the Export 'A' Skins Game. "On one hole, golfers are standing in the air against a mountain backdrop, on the next they are trying to clear the ponds and waste bunkers and then on another they are forced to find tight fairways that are guarded with the big pines. Le Diable just has so many characteristics," says Heister.

Each hole at Le Diable offers its own challenge. "On the front nine, numbers five and six are the holes to watch for," says Heister. "This is a 600-yard monster that plays slightly uphill. It will be fun to see if John takes it to the green in two. The sixth is a par 3 that has an elevation change of 26 metres and the tee box sits on a cliff edge," says Heister.

Like last year at Crowbush, the 18th hole may turn out to be one of the event's most important. "It's a 567-yard par 5 with a giant waste bunker wrapped around a smallish green. The second shot will be crucial," says Heister, who adds, "We can't wait to see how four of the world's top golfers handle the challenges of Le Diable."



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The Royal Question

Can Edward and Sophie survive the spotlight that proved so punishing to other marriages in the House of Windsor?

By Barry Crutten in London

If the tabloids had their way, this royal wedding would be remembered as the saga of Sophie's buried breast. It is a poignant story, even a little tender, about a beautiful prince and a career girl. But it is also a thoroughly modern tale, a comment on contemporary ideas about some old institutions, marriage and the British monarchy in particular. The bride, of course, is Sophie Rhys-Jones, the commoner from Kent set to marry Prince Edward of the illustrious House of Windsor, seventh in line to inherit the throne now occupied by his mother, Queen Elizabeth II. For a time, it seemed as if Sophie and Edward's impending nuptials on June 19 might well unfold quietly, not exactly unnoticed perhaps, but certainly the least public royal wedding in modern history, even though it will be televised live around the world. But then a naughty snapshot in a racy tabloid appeared—and things changed. "Everyone began to feel sorry for Sophie and suddenly remembered, 'Oh, there's a wedding happening,'" says veteran royal watcher Judy Wade.

There were, to be sure, howls of indignation when London's *Sun* chose to publish last month the now-infamous picture, an 11-year-old snapshot of British television star Chris Tarrant playfully nuzzling at Rhys-Jones's bikini top to reveal a single breast during a car trip to Spain. "Pre-mediated coyness" complimented Buckingham Palace, "a gross invasion of privacy." Kate Noble, Rhys-Jones's former colleague who took the photo and sold it to the Rupert Murdoch-owned daily for a reported \$300,000, was fired by her employer, a London radio station. Even Prime Minister Tony Blair felt moved to issue a public condemnation. In the face of the outcry, the *Sun* agreed to donate all profits from syndication of the photo to charity and published a groveling, full-page apology. "We thought we were putting a sexy, but harmless, picture," said the newspaper. "We thought it showed the fun-loving side of a woman who is bringing a breath of fresh air to the royals. We were wrong."

Still, if the photo had not appeared when it did, there was a good chance that Sophie and Edward might well be married in St. George's Chapel at Windsor Castle as they had originally hoped, in something approaching relative privacy, or at least as close to that state as any royal marriage can be. "It is certainly the wedding that has attracted the least enthusiasm of any royal wedding in my lifetime," laments ardent royalist Harold Brooks-Baker, publishing director of *Burton's Pageant*, the authoritative guide to the British aristocracy. And that speaks volumes, not only about lurid public appetite, but also about the continuing uneasy state of the House of Windsor as it struggles to redefine itself amid all the pressures to modernize the British monarchy.

Much is riding upon Edward's union with Sophie. He is the last of the Queen's four children to reach the shore. All of



the other marriage ended in failure, generally in spectacular fashion. The public has become seriously disenchanted after the wounding years of royal soap opera—the divorces, the adultery, and the tragic saga of Diana, Princess of Wales. “Another royal base-up could be fatal,” warns Brooks-Baker. “Sophie and Edward are going to be closely watched. I would not like to be in their shoes.”

From the start, both the prince and his bride-to-be seem to have recognized the profile. Neither can be described as finicky minded. Edward is a biding 35-year-old; Sophie is 36. Their courtship has been long, more than five years, a far cry from the whirlwind, months-long romances of both Edward's older brother, Prince Charles, and Diana, and his other brother, Prince Andrew, and Sarah Ferguson. While the couple usually day it, they have been virtually living together for the past three years. Sophie spends weekends in Windsor Castle and holidays at the Sandringham and Balmoral royal estates. She has her own apartment, in the same Chelsea block of flats once occupied by Diana, but she is also in possession of a private island in the Channel Islands, where she has a house. Sophie is a former model, and she has a good sense of humor, as evidenced by her frequent jokes about her own appearance.

Whether in the company of Edward and his friends or more stark than in the ceremonies planned for the Sandringham wedding, Sophie and Edward are making very, very sure that this wedding is different from the others. “Sophie and Edward are making very, very sure that this wedding is different from the others,” says author and journalist Wade, “almost as if they feel they have something to prove, that their marriage will going to end up like the others.” The venue itself is not so much a break with tradition as a reversion to the earlier, smaller royal weddings favoured by Queen Victoria and nearly all of her children. St. George's Chapel, inside the grounds at Windsor Castle, 35 km west of London, is the spiritual home of the Order of the Garter, under whose brightly coloured banners So-



Sophie and Edward attend a wedding in 1996. Diana (top left) and Sophie, currently advised to the Princess of Wales

phie and Edward will be married. St. George's, with a seating capacity of 600, is not exactly intimate. But the guest list pales in comparison with the 2,700 who attended Charles and Diana's 1981 wedding at St. Paul's Cathedral and the 1,800 on hand when Andrew and Sarah wed at Westminster Abbey in 1986.

By most standards, however, the wedding is still going to be a royal extravaganza. In addition to the 600 guests inside St. George's Chapel, another 500 will attend a sumptuous post-wedding reception at the state apartments. On the esplanade of the Queen, in her drive for royal modernization, members of the public have also been “invited.” Eight thousand tickets have been sold for a one-day, first-come, first-served bazaar to those keen to glimpse the wedding party from a grassy area outside the chapel. Afterward, the newlyweds will travel in a horse-drawn carriage procession through the streets of Windsor. The entire 45-minute service, which begins at 5 p.m. (noon eastern time) on June 19, will be televised on major British networks, and at least 20 other countries including Canada, where it will be seen live on CBC, CBC Newsworld and CTV News 1.

In an attempt to portray a new image, the bride and groom are departing from tradition in several key areas. There will be no military guard of honour, therefore none of the drab hats and bright uniforms so typical of most royal events. Neither will there be elaborate waltzes in the ballroom of upper-class British weddings. Western guests in particular will be drawn into a fashion show over the 5 p.m. wedding, to him will be unacceptable for to late in the day. Glamorous cocktail and evening wear will, instead, be de rigueur.

Even the couple's wedding invitations have a contrap-

“The royals like Sophie, frankly, because she's boring to the public. They know she's not going to overshadow them.”



Sophie and Edward attend a wedding in 1996. Diana (top left) and Sophie, currently advised to the Princess of Wales

rary twist, at least by the rigidly formal standards of the House of Windsor. Unlike Charles' wedding announcements, on which the Queen and Prince Philip invited guests “to the marriage of His Royal Highness The Prince of Wales,” Edward's invitation reads “the marriage of their son Edward.” It is believed to be the first time in the history of the Royal Family that the words “their son” have been used.

Perhaps the most remarkable feature will be the extraordinary diversity of those invited to share the couple's big day. Although details of the guest list have not been confirmed, it is known that the likes of Sophie's parents cousin from London's gritty east end will be brought together with the Sultan of Brunei, Prince Maimunah Binti and his wife, Cherie. A smattering of famous faces from the world of showbusiness is also expected. One notable absentee will be Charles' companion, Camilla Parker Bowles. She has not been invited. Neither has the Duchess of York.

Sophie Helen Rhys-Jones was born on Jan. 20, 1965. Her father, Christopher, is an executive with a sizeable property company. Her mother, Mary, was a secretary who took to extra typing to help pay their daughter and son David, now a 36-year-old insurance executive, through private school. They now live in a Victorian farmhouse in the Kent village of Broomfield, just outside Tunbridge Wells, where Sophie grew up. The family is solid, affectionate middle class, with just a tinge of blue on the father's branches of the Rhys-Jones tree.

The failed royal marriages

Couple	Married	Lasted
Princess Margaret and Anthony Armstrong-Jones	1960	18 years, 10 days
Princess Anna and Capt. Mark Phillips	1973	18 years, 5 months, 9 days
Prince Charles and Lady Diana Spencer	1981	15 years, 30 days
Prince Andrew and Sarah Ferguson	1986	9 years, 10 months, 7 days

On one side, there is a hint of aristocratic Webb blood, and on the other a link with royalty. The 1st Viscount Malmesbury, a 17th-century diplomat, is a distant ancestor. By the time she met Edward, in August, 1993, Sophie had followed a path well-trodden by many middle-class English young ladies: she took a secretarial course, did a stint on the Swiss slopes for a six company, backpacked around the world, and, before Edward, was involved with other men.

Royal romance first blossomed at a charity tennis match organized by the public relations firm for which Sophie then worked, and attended by Edward. When a celebrity player failed to turn up, Sophie gamely stepped into the breach, afterward posing for a now-famous photograph with the prince, her arms draped comfortably over the royal shoulders. Won over by her down-to-earth nature and easy smile, Edward asked Sophie for a date. Soon, he was making regular telephone calls to her West London offices, under the code name Richard, one of his middle names. Few were fooled, particularly when he began wooing her with deliveries of lavish bunches of flowers. Sophie's father was so overwhelmed he knickered back a gift-and note before 10 a.m.

Within a year, in a telling demonstration of his place in Edward's affections, Sophie was invited to spend a weekend with the Royal Family, including the Queen and Philip, aboard the Britannia. It was a terrifying make-or-break few days for a commoner with no experience of dealing with royalty. But Sophie calmly passed the test. The Queen found her charming, despite faintly remarking, “You wouldn't notice her as a crowd.” But it was Princess Anne's approval that was the day. As she observed Sophie leaning how to windward, she admired her as a “doer,” and was impressed with her calm of beaver-pompadour. Those close to the royal told of the appalling treatment of Sophie's approach.

When “Wade” came to the man most for Sophie's acceptance by the Royal Family is not the press no more. “They like her, finally, because she's quite boring as far as the public is concerned. They know she's not going to overshadow them.” Not everyone in the royal household has been won over, however. Charles is said to be cautious about the impact she will have on the family's public profile. “She has become very grand all

of a sudden,” confides a source close to the prince's office, “and there is concern about that.”

When she was alone, Diana refused to take Sophie's calls, apparently according to royal tradition, because the young woman seemed to be such a physical clone of the Princess of Wales, herself. Sophie has recognized the problem. “I've been Richard in Diana from the day I stepped into the public eye,” she acknowledged in a 1997 interview, before Diana's death last year. “But I honestly do not



Sophie and Edward attend a wedding in 1996. Diana (top left) and Sophie, currently advised to the Princess of Wales

try and emulate the way she looks or dances." In another interview at about the same time, she naively confessed that she could never compete with Diana because of her own "snooty, not quite firm, Welsh legs."

Despite working her way into the Royal Family's affections—even the notoriously hard-to-please Philip (then—Sophie's) cousinship by Edward was inimitable. Initially happy to ride the relationship slowly, Sophie later despaired that Edward would ever pay the question. "What can I do?" she asked a friend sardonically, soon after her 30th birthday, when she

had been doing Edward for just shy of two years and was living with him under his mother's roof at Buckingham Palace. "What does he want?"

Many royal watchers wondered it well. The relationship was unusual, not least because the Queen was turning a blind eye to their close quarters. For some, the long courtship reflected gossip about Edward's sexuality. The former theatre production au-

thor had angrily rejected suggestions he was gay when directly asked by a journalist almost a decade ago. But other observers suggested the Queen encouraged the lengthy engagement to ensure that this marriage would not fail because of a bride who was unable to cope with the pressures of royal life.

As well, there was speculation Edward may have delayed popping the question because he was keen to first establish his financial independence through his television company, Audiat Productions. Last year, however, Edward finally got down on bended knee in the soft sand of the Bahamas, asking Sophie to marry him. "I was slightly stunned for a minute," Sophie modestly recalled. "Then I suddenly realized that I should actually answer the question. I said, 'Yes, yes, please.'"

Bugleshot Park, a sprawling estate with a \$23-million mansion and mature gardens 30 km south of London, is where the couple plan to live once they are married. Although the newlyweds will be lessening, it is easily the most luxurious home of any of the Queen's children. In royal terms, it is also likely to be the most unusual in that Sophie, as the professional earnings are concerned, is the major breadwinner. The driving Mayfair public relations firm she co-owns, R.J.H. Ltd., employs eight people and has revenues of more than \$2 million annually. In contrast, Edward's production company has yet to turn a profit, accumulating losses of more than \$2.5 million over the past five years. But he has an *Audiat* salary of about \$300,000 per year and receives almost as much from his mother to pay for the office that handles his royal engagements.

Money, however, is likely to be the least of the worries confronting the future Duke and Duchess of Cambridge, the rules that mean royal watchers expect the Queen to bestow upon her youngest son and his new daughter-in-law. For Sophie and Edward, the problem is money. They are going to have to demonstrate that not all members of the House of Windsor are bad at marriage.

With Sue Quinn in London

The rise of Anne

She was once among the names unloved of British royals, so widely loathed that the satirical writer *Andrew Lloyd Webber* could safely, if ungraciously, liken her to "a demented llama whose poisonous spittle could blind a press photographer at 100 yards." For years, she languished at or near the bottom of royal popularity polls. With her beautilous hair, quick temper and acid tongue, the second child of the Queen and Prince Philip seemed destined to remain, as she once sadly confided on British television, "a huge disappointment to everybody concerned." But times have changed for the Princess Royal, better known as Princess Anne. "It used to be impossible to find anyone who had a good word to say about her," remarks Harold Brodie-Baker, publishing director of *Barbet's People*, the authoritative guide to British aristocracy. "Now, she's a saint."

Pandemically, while public attitudes have shifted, the princess herself has not. She remains, at 43, what she has always been—unpretentious, honest and awfully unimpressed to the post-Diana pressures to "modern-

ize" the Royal Family. She is probably the least glamorous of all the Windsors. She has not changed her hairstyle—nor her wardrobe approach—in a decade. Her second marriage in 1992, to comedian Tim

Lawrence, was notable primarily for its lack of royal assets, costing less than \$5,000.

Her fortune has been smoldering upon Anne of late, unlike the more of the other members of Britain's beleaguered royal household. It is partly the result of sheer hard work. She is by far the busiest royal, routinely carrying out more than 600 engagements a year. But it may also have something to do with the blunt manner and prickly integrity she inherited from her crony father. Despite close to 30 years as president of Britain's largest charity, the *Sore the Children Fund*, she has publicly confessed that she is not particularly fond of children. She has also puffed forth on at the International Olympic Committee, for the right reason: she is one of the few members who never accepts gifts.

Barry Crane

The New Heartthrobs

The next royal generation is starting to turn heads and grab attention

By Barry Crane

There is nothing quite like the pool of royal wedding bells to stir the shimmering passions of Britain's tabloids. Ever since Diana's death, the "red top"—so-called because of the red tie banner above their screaming headlines—have been starved of sex and glamour in their endless coverage of the House of Windsor. But now that Sophie and Edward have whetted appetites, attention is turning to the next generation of royals likely to be smitten by romance. Inevitably, the spotlight has focused on Prince William, Diana's darling son, even if marriage remains a distant prospect for the future heir to the throne, who turns 17 on June 21.

"His Royal Highness," as the tabloids have dubbed him, is not yet a regular among the nobles on London's social circuit, but William has been glimpsed with increasing frequency at Chelsea restaurants, Battersea's pubs and some of the most fashionable nightspots in early morning Soho.

On most occasions, school chains from upper-crust Eton, where he is about to commence his final year, have been his companions. Intriguingly, however, he is being seen more and more often in the company of the two children of Camilla Parker Bowles, the consort of his father, Prince Charles, and the woman his mother blamed for the breakup of her marriage. Friends report that William looks to Camilla's son, Tom, a 24-year-old film publicist, for guidance on trendy venues—which became controversial after the *News of the World* said Tom had admitted using cocaine (which must be rejected) and had snogged. William also regards Camilla's daughter, Laura, 21, as a pal. And there is another Parker Bowles in the picture—Camilla's 24-year-old niece, Emma. Much beautiful press has suggested that William may have a crush on Emma.

If so, any relationship is likely to remain a closely guarded secret, at least until William turns 18. But the cameras are out in force for the young man who is fast emerging as the most eligible bachelor of all the royals, Princess Anne's son, Peter



William after breaking a finger a week

Phillips, 23. "He's a young man I'd call dangerously attractive," romance novelist Barbara Cartland told the *Daily Mail*. "He sort of chap I thought only existed these days in my novels." Ninth in line for the throne, Phillips, smitten at his mother's insistence, is a ruggedly handsome rugby-playing bank. Friends say he is bound to join the Royal Marines, once he finishes studies in sports science at Exeter University. In the meantime, however, he has been spending a lot of time acquiring a 25-year-old American beauty, Elizabeth Loria, around the best clubs and horse paddocks of rural England.

Princess Anne's youngest child, 18-year-old Zara, is also beginning to attract the unwanted attention of the British media, as much for her rebellious streak as for her romantic inclinations. Much to her mother's dismay, she showed up at the British Open Horse Trials Championships, held at Ascot's Gloucestershire estate last year, sporting a tongue-out and a now gone bag Zara, 16th in line for the throne, has remained in the spotlight by being linked to British Formula One racing driver David Coulthard, 28. In her final year in Gordonstoun, the Prince of Wales's old school in Scotland, Zara reportedly is given to reducing between studies at Coulthard's apartment in Monte Carlo.

The most recent arrival on the scene is Lady Gabriella Windsor, christened "the royal's best-kept secret" by *Elle* magazine. The only daughter of Prince and Princess Michael of Kent, Ella, as she is known, is 18 years old. 25th in line for the throne. She cut a stylish figure when she turned up recently at the wedding in Germany of Count Alexander von Schoenburg-Glauchau and Princess Irina von Hesse, great-niece of the Duke of Edinburgh. She caught photographers' attention with a jaunty snow bun and a jaunty miniskirt. Clearly, Ella seems destined to end at least some of the hardship from her high-raising relatives.

With Sue Quinn in London

A car that just may fly

An inventor is sure his hovering craft is the answer to gridlock

By D'Arcy Jenish

Growing up in tiny Princeton, B.C., 400 km east of Vancouver, Paul Miller early had a taste for typical boyhood pursuits like hockey and swimming. He was two busy building things. Between the ages of 8 and 10, he constructed a two-person sled, which his father Nick, a chicken farmer, used for storage for decades. At age 12, he built a four-passenger dune wheel, an insect in distress and powered by a crank. Three years later, he designed and began building a one-person helicopter. And one day, he saw something that would shape his life work—a hovering jet in flight. "I was inspired by an true three-dimensional capabilities," he says. "It can hover and fly back and forth."

For three decades, Miller has been trying to develop a small personal aircraft with hovering-like capabilities. At 62, he may be on the brink of



Miller at the helm: he foresees commuters lifting off from their driveways to go to work

success. Now a resident of Downs, Calif., outside Sacramento, he hopes next month to make the first test flight of the Miller SkyCar, a four-passenger aircraft designed to take off and land vertically and to fly as fast as 630 km/h. SkyCar is an improved version of an earlier success: a two-passenger aircraft which flew more than 150 times and looked like a flying car from the amateur television series *The Jetsons*. With the SkyCar, Miller foresees the day commuters will lift off from their driveways and fly to work—a real-life escape from the gridlock of highways. Certification by the U.S. Federal Aviation Administration may be years away, but he says, "when it goes bad enough, people will start to take the alternatives seriously."

In fact, some aviation experts already take the SkyCar seriously. Henry Labaree, a systems engineer with the commercial aircraft division of Southern Boeing Corp., assisted Miller's technology in the late 1980s as part of a 130-member group that looked at hundreds of future transportation concepts, and he recommended the company consider investing in it. "It was blocked by a vice president who couldn't imagine Boeing doing anything less than a

100-passenger jet," says Labaree. Another supporter, Dennis Bushnell, chief scientist at NASA's Langley Research Center in Hampton, Va., calls Miller "one of the best engineers in the U.S." The SkyCar will become feasible, he says, when airlines, government regulations and air-traffic control systems are in place to permit autonomous travel—without skilled pilots at the helm and without the risk of deadly mid-air crashes. The idea is far from mad: autonomous aircrafts to communicate with a SkyCar's onboard computer and with satellites, guiding a vehicle from takeoff to landing. "We've looked at alternatives, such as helicopters," says Bushnell, "and Miller's machine is faster, cheaper and safer."

There is only one SkyCar in existence—the prototype that Miller will fly next month at the company headquarters of Miller International in Davis, Calif., barring last-minute glitches. The craft is 5.4 m long, 3 m wide and weighs 590 kg. It is powered by eight horizontally mounted engines encased in cylindrical airducts called nacelles. The engines draw air into the nacelles, and a series of vanes, resembling venetian blinds, are positioned to

direct the air downward, providing the thrust needed for lift-off. The vanes are then repositioned to allow the aircraft to move forward at a speed of up to 630 km/h at an altitude of 7,500 m, according to design specifications.

SkyCar's inaugural flight is planned to be a modest undertaking. The aircraft will be attached by a cable to an overhead crane about 30 m high to prevent a crash should outward thrust fail. Miller may make a loop or two over his company's property, which occupies less than four acres, but he will not venture farther afield. If the SkyCar meets expectations that will improve them.

Even if SkyCar performs flawlessly, and eventually survives government approval, it would initially be too costly for the average commuter. Miller says the first version could cost more than \$350,000, although the price could fall to about \$45,000 with mass production. He hopes to license the craft to a major auto manufacturer, which would produce and market it. Despite the ex-

cessary, 100 would-be buyers have put down deposits of at least \$5,000.

Miller estimates that he has spent as much as \$125 million on the project since the early 1970s. He has financed his efforts by dabbling in real estate development and producing commercially viable products like a high-performance rubber. As well, he has sold shares in his company to about 400 investors, some of whom have remained faithful for years. "I'm a firm believer or I would have abandoned it a long time ago," says Ken Winkler, a retired civil engineer from Fort Hope, Ont., who invested \$30,000 in 1970, half of which was for exclusive Canadian rights to the technology.

But the first buyers for the SkyCar would likely be governments and defense departments. In fact, Miller has delivered case studies, unmanned versions of the aircraft to various branches of the U.S. military, who have flown them many times. The air force sees them as useful for remote-controlled assessment of airfield damage in nuclear strikes, while the army tested their effectiveness as an overhead surveillance tool for tank brigades operating in Italy

terrain. And Boeing's Labaree views the SkyCar as valuable for search and rescue operations as well as border patrols.

Those who envision such a future for the SkyCar inevitably speak highly of the talent and tenacity of the man behind it. Miller acquired an aircraft maintenance diploma from what is now the Southern Alberta Institute of Technology in Calgary, then landed a job with a Montreal aircraft manufacturer, Canadian Ltd. (which was later acquired by Bombardier Inc.). He was allowed to take graduate-level aeronautical engineering courses at McGill University, even though he did not have an undergraduate degree, and secured a Ph.D. in 1965. Miller began teaching at the University of California at Davis, and in his spare time, he started building rudimentary flying machines. More than three decades later, he's still in it. "He's a visionary who has pursued his goal with immense energy," says McGill University aeronautics professor Daniel Gagne, who studied with him. "He's an incredible individual." And he may revolutionize personal travel in the 21st century. □

Getting off the drawing board

SkyCar specifications

• Passengers	4
• Cruise speed	545 km/h
• Range	1,450 km
• Altitude per hour	7
• Gross weight	990 kg
• Power	720 hp
• Size (LxWxH)	5.4 m x 3 m x 1.5 m

SkyCar engine draws air into a chamber, and vanes that resemble venetian blinds direct the flow downward, providing the thrust needed for vertical lift-off.

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Beach Blanket Bonanza

These keen to measure the difference between author Kathy Reichs and her fictional alter ego, Temperance Brennan, will find these worth reading. Behind the often-sensationalist, Macabre-based thriller *Death du Jour* starring Brennan, there is an attractive, sometimes inquisitive, forty-something American woman who is a forensic anthropologist—a discipline that draws some astonishingly specific information from the remains of dead bodies. Because there are only about 50 such professionals in North America, Reichs divides her time—like *Brennan*—between North Carolina and Quebec, under contract to both governments. “It may not be a life that appeals to everyone,”

she allows with a slight smile “but it keeps me challenged—and curious.”

It also happens books popular with millions of readers worldwide. Reichs’ debut novel, 1997’s *Only Dead*, made it one of the top seven mystery bestsellers of the decade. It was her

made her first book stand out.

Reichs seems startled by the widespread praise of her writing. “I work at it,” she says matter-of-factly, “but it doesn’t cause me any great agony.” Few things amaze her here. Always fascinated by archaeology, she turned to forensic anthropology because it was “a similar field, but more immediate.” Although her work calls for her to deal regularly with bloodstained, dismembered bodies, Reichs never feels revulsion: “It’s a body alive or dead.” Even as a child, she recalls, “I got never bothered by it.” On the other hand, she faced indignation when she wrote a short but descriptive love scene in her new book. While her lawyer husband had “nothing to say,” her three children, all in university, “were mortified.”

Reichs’ easy familiarity with Montreal life makes the city a central character in each book colorful, lived-in, and always compelling. She has successfully put the lie to a long-standing belief that suspense novels set in Canada cannot sell south of the border. That, Reichs says, “never made sense.” You’ve got that cosmopolitan city, part North American and part European, and for too interesting for Americans to ignore.”

Now, Reichs has a new contract for three more Brennan books. The next centers on Montreal’s black town, and discussions are under way with an undecided publisher for a television series. In a concession to time, she has taken leave from a teaching job at the University of North Carolina at Charlotte to write, but will keep other work advising the FBI and RCMP. “That,” says Reichs, “keeps my writing fresh and accurate.” Millions of readers will shoulder to agree.

Anthony Wilson-Smith



Reichs, a thriller writer and forensic anthropologist who is never repulsed by a body

Lecter has a lot of charm, his penetrating intellect, courtly manners and appreciation for the finer things in life make him an otherwise compelling companion. And he usually only kills people who deserve punishment of one sort or another. But those who have no sense for reading about cannibalism, gorging on the intricacies of anatomy—especially for 484 pages—should just ignore *Hannibal*.

The novel picks up seven years after *The Silence of the Lambs*, which ended with Lecter’s escape from a maximum security hospital for the criminally insane. He is living in Florence, posing as a Renaissance scholar, and the search for his dangerous old friend Clarice Starling, the rookie FBI agent who pushed his brilliant-but-twisted mind far enough on how to catch another serial

“Whether it is on a cottage deck at a city dock, one of nature’s most leisurely pleasures is sitting down with a good novel—everything from a big blockbuster to more literary fiction. A sampling of the season’s best by Montreal writers and editors.”

What Star Wars Episode One—*The Phantom Menace* is in the film industry—one of the most hyped movies of all time—*Hannibal* is to book publishing. In fact, the sequel to Thomas Harris’ 1988 best-selling thriller *The Silence of the Lambs* moved the start of autumn usually reserved only to movies. On May 7, it was on the cover of *Entertainment Weekly*, and even before its release, its publishers doubled the print run to one million copies from 500,000. By the time *Hannibal* (Delacorte Press, \$29.95) reached bookstores last week, it was found in many cases and it subsequently debuted on *Amazon* best-seller list in the No. 2 position. Such hoopla makes the same question it did for the *Star Wars* prequel: one is possibly live up to the advance billing?

The answer is depends. Readers intrigued, rather than overly repulsed, by Dr. Hannibal Lecter in two earlier novels or in the 1991 movie starring Anthony Hopkins, will find him repulsive in his evil. For a madman who can people,

killers, has not faced so well. After her initial success, her career has floundered. She is put on Lecter’s list when wealthy Mason Verger, who has posed a reward for Hannibal’s capture, gives authorities a tip about his whereabouts. But it is only a trap. Verger, one of Lecter’s early victims, wants revenge for his specially bred cannibalism (pgs) and he needs additional help in tracking down his nemesis. What makes Harris’ book truly twisted is that by the time he is done, Verger and the secret bureaucrats who artfully stalked Starling’s career seem far more evil than Hannibal the Cannibal.

Another of the season’s big books—no less if the publicity surrounding it is any indication—is *The Drowning People* (Doubleday, \$29.95) by British author Richard Mason. He has enough credible attributes—bels a handsome, 20-year-old Oxford student with a best-selling first novel—that seems almost unfair that his work is actually very good. Mason’s first novel, tale of love, sex and psychology opens eerily in the mid-21st century. 70-year-old narrator James Farrell confesses that he has just killed his attractive wife of 45 years, and successfully passed off her death as a suicide. The rest of the novel is Harris’ intricate account, beginning with his youth in the 1930s, of how and why he came to murder his spouse. With an emphasis on water metaphors and the imagery of isolation—the couple spend much of their time on a tiny island off the English coast—Mason turns

Death du Jour and Hannibal head the list of novelistic great escapes

last attempt at fiction, and she knocked it off in her quiet time over three years, writing in early morning, on weekends and other breaks in a crowded schedule. She sent it to publishers. “Spring I could stand about 50 rejections before I gave up!”—and received a \$1.7-million two-book contract from New York City-based Scribner. The harrowing story of Brennan’s hunt for a serial killer, it was wide praise and awards, and was translated into 22 languages in a hit best-seller three worldwide.

Death du Jour seems certain to equal or eclipse those achievements. Beginning with Reichs’ trademark graphic descriptions of a corpse—this one the emaciated body of a 19th-century man who is a potential saint—is a shuffling between Quebec and North Carolina. Along the way, Brennan finds bodies in strange places, personal danger and romance. Although some readers will find the complex plot relies too heavily on improbable coincidences, it is well delivered with the fluid writing and often-sarcastic, rapid-fire dialogue that

Farr's related self-analysis into a passionate, engaging story.

Several times Ouzon, two missing teenagers, pilfered evidence and a well-defined counsel, used familiar? Torontoan Andrew Pyper, whose first book, the short story collection *Kiss Me*, was critically acclaimed in 1996, has written a dark psychological thriller that borrows from the Bernardo matter case and Pyper's own background in law and English literature. *Last Girl* (HarperCollins, \$27) has already received wide attention, including the notice of foreign publishers who signed Pyper up for two six-figure contracts for future novels before the novel was even published in May. The plot is simple enough. Criminal lawyer Bartholomew Crane, the associate in the upstart Toronto firm of Lie, Gribble & Associates, (known among lawyers as Lie, Gribble & Associates) arrives in the down-at-heels cottage country community of Marlock to defend a half-English teacher accused of murdering two of his students. A calm, smiling, egotistical-plugged bachelor first whom truth is mostly an inconvenience, Crane finds himself drawn into a moral crisis that is both personal and public. What sets *Last Girl* apart is an brilliant evocation of place and mood. Pyper uses an almost cinematic wealth of descriptive fall scenes as "flooded in brown and yellow layers of wet dirt," a resident's face is



Pyper: Offbeat before his first novel was even published

away, however, when a car accident sends him on a trying journey. Literally bound with mystical illusions, philosophical drifts, well-timed and good situations. The journey leads to his spiritual regeneration, as Crane takes stock of life and death through a series of once-in-a-lifetime flashbacks, including a defining moment at a field hospital in Italy during the Second World War. It was there that Crane discovered his profession—and the core values he now recovers. The story moves slowly, at times descending to sink into a morass of geographical details. But Gatzert's first will not be disappointed with this poignant tale of a journey that goes deep into life—and death—complexities.

Paul and Elaine are a middle-class, middle-aged couple with two young sons, and a nice home in a nice neighbourhood. A M. Horne's *After the Nightingale* (William Morrow, \$30) begins with the two of them impulsively trying to burn down their home. It's not a very successful arson—which is just as well, since they're shocked themselves rather than the interior and spend the rest of the bleak comedy of misadventure trying to cover up the crime. The failed arson is a metaphor for their first Paul and Elaine have between the urge to escape and the urge to conform, and they can't even conceive of destruction. Horne draws their crime deeply, beautifully, and often hilariously. Her prose is a thrill to read in the same fascinating way a roller-coaster is a thrill to ride after a while you wish you could get off, but you can't.

Award-winning Toronto poet Dionne Brand begins second novel, *At the Fall and Change of the Leaf* (Knopf, \$32.95), with a mass suicide of a group of about 2000 Canadian slaves in 1824. But before the novel's organizer, Marie Uralic, is murdered by the slave owners, she ensures the safety of her daughter, Bola, by hiding her on a deserted part of the island. As an adult, Bola bears 34 children who are haunted by the tales of Marie Uralic and the life of slavery from which they were freed. The novel focuses on generations of descendants, most of whom leave Toronto and wander Europe, the United States and Canada as troubled souls.

While Brand's poetry is loud, that of an activist, her fiction is clearly lyrical. Beautiful and sweeping, the language of the novel conveys the inherent sadness in the characters' lives.

Memories, travels and the tragedy of war

Fiction, except as otherwise, is not everyone's
summer favorite. Exceptional new selections for those who prefer real people and places.

Beyond the Sky and the Earth (Doubleday, \$29.95) Javier Zepeda's memoir of her two years as a teacher in the Himalayan kingdom of Bhutan is rich in detail, humor and adventure. Raised in Sud's St. Martin, Ont., Zepeda is at first lost in an alien culture, but she eventually finds her footing, and soon her ties to Canada start to unravel as she falls in love with a student.



A Positively Final Appearance (Penguin, \$32.99) Acrobatic and witty as ever—his now 85—Alec Gammeter's 1990-2010 journals include the soldier's account of the acrobatic's response to the death of Diana, Princess of Wales, and Tony Blair's election to prime minister.

The City of War (HarperCollins, \$43.58) English historian Niall Ferguson offers a sweeping, meticulous account of the causes and conduct of the First World War. The first-year-long conflict, "the greatest error in modern history," was primarily Britain's fault, he insists, and one reason it went on so long was the soldiers' enjoyment of it all.

Brexit Chetwin (Jonathan Cape, \$50) Nicholas Shakespeare followed Chetwin's trail across five continents to complete his enthusiastic authorial biography. The study is the definitive study of one of the century's greatest travel writers, who died of AIDS at age 48 in 1999.

Encore Provence (Random House, \$35) and **Belle Tarnay** (Broadway, \$35.95) English novelist Patti Mayle stage (again) the perils of southern France, while California poet Frances Maye finds joy in central Italy—modern can succumb to the charms of both.

But the deeply retrospective portraits also provide an uplifting sense of resilience and strength, passed through this identity among material life.

Toronto novelist Sarah Sheard recently became a psychotherapist, and her newest book draws directly on an insider's view of the world of therapy. *The Hypnosis* (Doubleday, \$29.95) is the story of Signe, and her relationship with William, a psychiatrist who uses hypnosis to "help" young women escape. Initially inspired by William's "therapy" ladies, women mostly and small homes, "the devoted photographs" are eventually buried under his spell by fantasy and persistence. He tries, it is interesting to witness her willingness to put up with the cold and mechanical psychotherapy—especially after she learns that he has a history of pursuing vulnerable women patients. That Sheard's story is a powerful one—especially vivid in her descriptions of Signe's efforts to take photographs in the half-light of the prefrontal—provides an affecting portrait of the sacrifices and endless justifications some women will make for love.

In *The City of War*, (McClelland & Stewart, \$21.99) Calgary author Peter Olivas weaves the experiences of a modern-day English language teacher with the mystical and modernist whodunnit stories of historical Japan. While teaching in the remote city of Saitama, the narrator finds himself longing for his home in Canada and awkwardly attempting to understand the nuances of Japanese customs. His melancholy is lifted by a central cast of characters, including Kohaku, a Shinto priest, who fills the text with stories of Japan's ghosts and river dwellers. Most memorable, however, is Hideo Endo, a fellow teacher who tells him about Harold MacDonald, a 19th-century Canadian adventurer who was one of Japan's first English teachers. The City of War was inspired by some of Olivas' own experiences traveling through Japan.

Kingson, Ont., writer Marilyn Simonds also draws on personal experience to create an unlikely literary hybrid. *The Don't Be Alone After Dark* (McClelland & Stewart, \$29.95) might be a series of linked short stories, or a novel, or an autobiography, or a social history of Canada in the postwar period. The 49-year-old Simonds draws the major events of her own life as a framework for the exploration of memory. For many, beginning around age 8, is set out in 11 self-contained chapters divided into three sections—Snatches (Memories), Laps (Stories), Midgates (Miracles). The narrative names reflect childhood place names in Brazil, where her Canadian father worked as a factory manager, and some of the most haunting images in the book come from that period: a child's story of a leap on a beach as a hotel, and her mother's dismissive reaction, creating the devastating effect of a child's failure to create the rich visionary life of a child.

Other lush locations—Greece, Mexico, Hawaii—provide a changing backdrop for Simonds' insightful reflections on her first failed marriage, her love of music, and the legacy of a child's death. In a lesser writer's hands, love might have degenerated into a self-indulgent exercise in diary writing, but Simonds, whose 1994 book *The Giver's Love* was shortlisted for the Governor General's Award, is a deft practitioner whose spare, direct prose reflects what a materialistic society has mostly forgotten: the accumulation of memories, not things, are what makes a life. ■

The season's fiction serves up plenty of thrills, chills and deep introspection

a "plastic bag with holes for speech and breath and sight." Those who like their whodunnit straight up may become impatient with Pyper's penchant for an deconstruction, but for readers who relish metaphor with their narrative meat, *Last Girl* is a rich read.

Being known as Saul's Robert Ludlum may not be an honor in some readers' eyes, but *Amos* (Penguin Random House) presents a novel in the Ludlum style, but with a North American cast following. As intricately plotted as its predecessor, *The Fighting Master* (HarperCollins, \$36) is set in Madrid more than a century ago amid the intrigues of a vaunted age. The fighting master, Don Juan, Amos is the son of his father, and in the end, Amos is a reader's introduction to a classic and high-stakes government official is killed by a powerful force, under the watch of the master. As told by Amos, the novel provides classic crime escapism in an exotic setting without the usual risks and plastic explosions that dominate the genre.

Taste of the Mountain (HarperCollins, \$36) is David Gurner's follow-up to his 1994 best-selling debut, *Snow Falling On Cedars*. The new novel is set in the rich Columbia Basin in central Washington where protagonist Ben Givens, who, like Gurner, is a Seattle native and devoted outdoorsman, fond of hiking and bird-hunting. A retired 73-year-old bear hunter and a widower still in mourning, Givens has just been diagnosed with terminal colon cancer. He heads to the region where he was born with two dogs, a shaggy, and the intent to stage a companion hunting society. Plans go

The Northern Stars

By Brian Bothwell

Robert Sawyer's novel-in-progress—some of which was written during the recent Ontario election campaign that returned Conservative Premier Mike Harris to power—contains on a dime over the essence of God between a giant spider-like alien and a terminally ill paleontologist. It's an odd premise, but a very Canadian one—and not just because, as its author laughs, "it drips with Toronto context and anti-Harris feeling." The national science-fiction style, the writer says, is "most intellectually sophisticated" than in U.S. counterparts. "In American SF there has always been a drive for happy endings, and even more so, for unambiguous endings," says Sawyer. "Here, authors write for a more mature population. We've never had clear-cut heroes or villains and the endings are far messier."

Wherever the muse, these are heady days for Canadian science fiction. Major American houses are publishing more of it than ever before, and writers are making critical and popular success. Sawyer's 1994 novel, *Piercing Humanity*, about two University of Toronto professors and the discovery of a technology that can tap into humankind's collective unconscious, was nominated in May for the Hugo Award.

Canadian writers are gaining global acclaim—and fans

environmental science fiction's Oscar equivalent. Sawyer's good friend, Toronto writer Robert Charles Wilson, also copied a Hugo nomination for *Demonica*, a stunning depiction of an alternate 20th century. That puts an unprecedented two Canadian writers among the five finalists drawn from all English language SF novellas. (The winners will be announced in September at the World Science Fiction Convention in Melbourne, Australia.) And Julie Combs of Oshawa, Ont., and Nalo Hopkinson of Toronto are among the five nominees for the convention's Campbell award, presented to writers in the first two years of their career.

It is Sawyer, though, a rambled and amiable fountain of ideas, who is the genre's northern star—in fact, one of the hottest SF writers anywhere. In less than 10 years, he has already won a trifecta of national and international awards, and served as president of the New York City-based Science Fiction and Fantasy Writers of America. The Hugo nomination is the fourth consecutive for the 39-year-old author who lives

with his wife and full-time assistant, Carolyn Clark, in Thornhill, Ont., just north of Toronto. That stroke equals previous runs by two prominent American writers, Orson Scott Card and Robert Silverberg. Six of Sawyer's 11 novels are still in print in nine languages and his prose run has now reached best-seller range for his latest release, *Flatland*.

An intricate examination of fate and free will, *Flatland* imagines a Canadian scientist and his Greek assistant, whose parallel physics experiments go terribly wrong in 2009, somehow thrusting all human consciousness 21 years into the future for a period of two minutes. People who like the future they see set out to achieve them early, while those who are appalled by the vision try to change their fate. For a science-fiction author, a time-travel motif is akin to sex scenes taking on *Star Trek*, a challenge fraught with comparisons with past efforts and loaded with well-known technical difficulties. Sawyer ups the ante by having two futures—2009 and 2030—and keeps his brief predictions soberly plausible. (Artificial intelligence and nanotechnology still don't work even in 2030, and George Lucas has not finished with *Star Wars*.)

The core of the novel, however, turns on the consensus among most physicists that past, present and future all exist simultaneously. The future, therefore, may be glimpsed but not changed. Sawyer's ingenious response to that conundrum and his deft handling of his characters' differing viewpoints make *Flatland* a promising read.

Sawyer's easy familiarity with knowledge-based science fiction has its own art background. A lifelong resident of Toronto's northern fringe, he graduated from the city's Ryerson Polytechnic University in radio and television in 1982. He immediately became a full-time freelance writer, churning out newspaper and magazine articles on personal finance, as well as news releases and speeches. By 1988, he had saved enough money to concentrate on fiction. Despite a taste for mysteries, Sawyer rejected that genre as too interesting in comparison with sci-fi. "The joy of being a science-fiction writer is being able to construct a whole new universe each time—why would you want to do this only once?"

By any reckoning Sawyer is among the most successful Canadian authors ever, making a comfortable six-figure income doing what he loves. But a Hugo Award, he admits, would be a crowning touch. Especially for *Piercing Humanity*, a superb science-fiction story with considerable cross-over



appeal—"the one I want to be remembered for," the author allows. So how does he stay so chompy? "I used to call myself the Starbuck of SF," Sawyer laughs in reference to the 18 fruitless Dystopian Enemy award nominations garnered by the soap-opera star. "And she finally won that year."

Other notable recent Canadian science-fiction releases

More than any other genre, science fiction provides us fledgling authors with magazine and paperback opportunities to hone their craft. James Alan Gardner's third paperback novel, *Vigilant* (Avon, \$7.99), has propelled him onto *The New York Times* list of recommended summer reading. Given its page-turning plot and the extraordinary voice he gave his characters, it could prove to be his breakthrough into hard-core. Gardner may be Ontario born and bred,

Sawyer: "Here, we've never had clear-cut heroes or villains."

but *Vigilant*'s humans, one million miners invited to the planet Demuth by the bird-like Oskos race, are migrants from a world called Core-By-Chance. Bearing names like Smallwood, Tobes and Conble, his quirky, very sexually active characters talk in a very Newfoundland-esque slang, referring to "follydying" lovers and speculating hopefully on their chances of a "willywing night." The whole novel, in fact, reads like an extended, and highly engaging, rant by Margaret Delahunty.

Not that there is anything innately funny about *Vigilant*'s plot. Less than a generation after the humans had arrived, a deadly plague begins to decimate the Oskos, while leaving the miners untouched. "No one moved sure," heroine Faye Smallwood wails decades later, still haunted by memories of mass death, and worried by guilt that humans had somehow caused the disease. After 25 years of self-loathing, racing to

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Summer Reading

times in scoring herself with a scalpel, Faye decides to maximize her domain by joining a pleasure watching group. As a member of the Vigil, though, Faye soon learns that her old neighbours barely glimpsed the truth.

Toronto writer Phyllis Godlieb is a distinguished poet who first turned to science fiction in the 1960s. For some years, she read Canadian SF and news, at 73, is the genre's universally recognized grande dame. Her *Violent Snow* (Fox, \$32.95), a sequel to her 1991 *Fish and Gold*, offers an intriguing plot about the continuing struggle against the Zarnos corporation, a human-made family that runs breathe-filled by closed doors and their enforcement, the truly creepy insectile in. But *Violent Snow* is above all a poet's novel. The sphere of violence, as much emotional as physical, relentlessly hangs over every character. Lyrical, beautifully written images of becoming with bodies that flesh smokes light, shape-shifting robots and telepathic spiders slip in and out of scenes like visitors from an LSD flashback. Godlieb's language lifts her book from comic drifter to literary achievement.

The Dragon's Eye (Fox, \$34.95) is the first of Quebec writer Joel Chanen's 38 novels to be translated into English. Originally written in 1995, it's an intricate, comprehensively readable 24th-century spy story. The planet New China, home to a struggling colony founded by mad Chinese delusional to conquering Western and Japanese influences, when a double star system. One sun, the deadly Dragon's Eye, irradiates the planet regularly, forcing the inhabitants to take cover when it is in the sky and handicapping their ability to pay off a crippling debt to Earth. *Avoid* semiotic, science, European agent Rijkman Tarnes, surgically altered to look Asian, is dispatched to bring back a highly placed mole. The novel's themes are subtly drawn, and the action Chenpeter provides of the current mission within Chanen's society between the Westernized cities and the countryside—drains to scenes that contrast the abundance of children on New China with the constrained, enforced population limits on Earth—into *The Dragon's Eye* for more than a good adventure story. **B**



Charles Gordon

In the Canadian way

There is one of those wide, crowded avenues of shopping centres and strip malls in Ottawa, as there is in every city and when you drive laboriously along it on an early Sunday afternoon, you get a sense of where all your neighbours are. This is confirmed when you hit the stretch, as the former students, where all the big box stores are.

The parking lots are jammed, people driving distractedly around, lighting one another for parking spaces, the handover cars outside the stores doing a flourishing business feeding dedicated shoppers who pass freely to each a line before wandering inside again to face the merchandise.

There is a giant hardware store, a giant home furnishings store, a giant auto dealership, a giant lumber store, a giant pet store (Aisle 4: exotic birds; Aisle 4: snakes and lizards), a giant electronics store (Aisle 3), something you've never heard of, but everybody is getting one, and other giant places. Aside from the fact that many of these stores are foreign-owned, this street seems to have little to do with Canadian cultural identity debate. But there may be a link. It is that our true culture is shopping and everything else takes a back seat.

It is an idea worth thinking about as we begin another round of discussions, in the wake of the magazine policy settlement and more dosing of Canadian bookstores, about Canadian culture—what it is, whether it is worth saving and, if so, how to go about doing it. In the broadest sense of culture—the magical society from hockey to opera—Canada is doing very well in one way and rather badly in another.

The good news is that the workers in the cultural sector—the musicians, writers, actors, composers and painters—are doing good work. In terms of their volume, the output of those who sell in the cultural fields far surpasses that of their predecessors. There are more Canadian books, movies and plays. In terms of quality, our stuff has been recognized around the world and its reputation grows.

That's the good news. The bad news is that this great work is being done largely by volunteers. Not that they are volunteer voluntarily that they are being paid like volunteers. Actors and musicians frequently perform for nothing, or near to it, in the hope of catching a break. Authors do the same. Rare is the Canadian novelist who does not have to supplement his or her income with other work. For every Canadian who is now a star in the United States, there are many equally talented ones struggling away in this country for little recognition and less money.

Canadian culture does not generate enough money in

Canada to support those who produce it. That's the problem. The reason there is not enough money is that there is not enough of an audience.

This is where the neo-conservative leap glorified all the handwringing shouting: "If people don't want it, does not everybody support it, and would you pass me that copy of *Spent* [Macleans] when you're finished?" Certainly that's the way way out. Give up on apportioning our culture, throw open the doors to the Americans (even wider than they are already), relax and enjoy *Gilgamesh Island VI: The Wrath of Gilgamesh*.

But those who respect what Canadian artists and producers do, and don't want it to be swallowed up in a tidal wave of American blandness are not prepared to give up the fight. The question is: what sort of a fight should it be?

We have said various forms of protectionism. Although some of them have worked reasonably well (such as Canadian music quotas on pop radio), they are falling out of favour with the high priests of international trade and will not last. Because of the recent outpouring of grants to artists and arts groups, a lot of discussion is focused on the role of government, but no amount of government support can make our culture self-supporting. The answer is not to restrict the foreign competition or subsidize the domestic product, but to make the market bigger.

In other words, the answer is us, the audience. We have to support the stuff, work with our feet and our wallets, buy the books, attend the theatres and the galleries, and, yes, the ball parks and arenas, because you may notice that sport has been going south as well.

Why don't we do it? It is not lack of money. The statistics are clear. Canadians are spending money again, and not all of it on the necessities of life. North Americans are spending \$6 billion a year on their pets. Caviar is thriving.

What keeps us away—or what we think keeps us away—is lack of time. We are terribly busy, we always say, what we're working harder than ever before (because of all the labour-saving devices we have been given at world and there is no time to do anything, and even if there was, we are tired). If there was, on a Sunday, however to lounge, heading the store call of the merchandise piled floor-to-ceiling, the luxury retailers in Aisle 6, the DVDs in Aisle 5, narrowly averting incidents of shopping-cart rage. There is no question that this is hard work, physically and emotionally exhausting. No wonder we are too tired to go out. No wonder we flop in front of the TV set. There is Sunday shopping now, and we have to mix up.

In all this, we have unwittingly created a culture. The question we have to ask is whether it is the one we want.

Charles Gordon is a columnist with The Ottawa Citizen.

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Sports

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Canada's team vies for Cup glory, and an Olympic berth

It says right on the soccer shirt that Canada's national women's soccer team lost to the United States 4-2 in Portland, Ore., last week. But the team here tells only a tiny part of the story. The underdog Canadian, who is coach Neil Turbell's own work had once been merely "cannon fodder" for the high-powered Americans, carried the play from the start, and jumped in front in the second minute on the first of two goals by star striker Chantelle Hooper. And while the Americans eventually fought back to win thanks to a goal and two assists from scoring sensation Mia Hamm, the Canadian gave their hosts a rare scare—and themselves a boost in confidence by coming so close to upsetting the world's top-ranked team. "For us, mid-veteran defender Juane Holland of Edmonton, 'his game was huge'."

Good timing, too. As they prepare for the June 10 opening of the Women's World Cup, the women who comprise Canada's unknown women's soccer team proved they had narrowed the gulf between themselves and the 1996 Olympic champions. How wide a gulf? Try a 9-1 loss to the Americans before the 1995 World Cup. "And we played pretty well," says midfielder Andrea Nil of Vancouver. They have made those strides despite a woe of change of money, too little international experience and scarce recognition from fans across the country. The



World (left) going head-to-head with Australia's Amy Spiller during a Toronto exhibition game. "It always went to us!"

players are gracious, saying it goes with being in women's sports at a time of government cutbacks. "We are the building blocks of this program," says striker Silvana Bernal of Williams Lake, B.C. "And we have come a hell of a long way."

The Canadian's anonymity may disappear by the time the 16-team, eight-city World Cup ends on July 10 in Pasadena, Calif. Two TV networks—ABC and

ESPN—are covering the event in the United States, while Canada's games will be telecast on CTV Sportnet. As well, organizers have sold more than 500,000 tickets, including 65,000 for the Americans' opener at Giants Stadium in East Rutherford, N.J. That's a big step up from the 1995 World Cup in Sweden, where crowds often numbered in the hundreds rather than thousands. Many in soccer are buoyed by the Americans' fast response, and hope to establish a U.S. women's professional league in 2001. The athletes would love that, too, but they are cautious, saying it would do more harm than good to start a league that soon founders from inefficient corporate and fan support. "Players aren't going to get behind it unless they are something that's going to last," Holland says.

Canada plays Japan, Russia and 1995 champions Norway in the opening round, and given the strength of the Norwegians, the Canadians will likely have to beat the other two in order to advance to second-round play. That, the players say, is their goal, partly because the top eight countries at the World Cup qualify for the women's tournament at the 2000 Summer Olympics in Australia. "If we play to the best of our abilities, we are going to be successful," says Turbell. "We are so close to pushing through to that next level."

If the Canadians do break through, it will be against many odds. Some players, such as Lin Seash of Edmonton, gave up jobs to try out. Six team members had to go to U.S. universities to improve their games. And the Canadian program does not have the money to keep together the players who do stay at home, or to arrange regular international practices, as most top-ranked countries do. The current roster has only been together since an invitational camp opened on May 2 and has played only a handful of exhibition games, including two "friendly" against Australia last week in Toronto. But the players are determined. Vancouver says this year's roster is larger and more skilled than any previous national squad. Although they are long shots, they believe the odds might change, on any given day in sport, anything can happen. "We are not satisfied just with qualifying," says defender Amy Walsh of St-Basile, Que. "We always want to win." And winning would truly blow their cover.

James Duncan

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The chameleon

Actor John Travolta has gone from being the king of disco to a Hollywood mover and shaker

Across John Travolta has always liked Canada. He met his wife, actress Kelly Preston, while filming *The Glimmer Man* in Niagara-on-the-Lake, Ont., in 1989. And in July, he will be in Montreal finally working on the sci-fi thriller, *Scenology*, a movie he has struggled for 10 years to get into production. A longtime *Scenologist*, Travolta, 43, will produce and star in the film, which is based on the novel of the same name written by the late *Scenology* guru L. Ron Hubbard. "I play a nine-foot alien monster," teases Travolta.

Casualty, Travolta first can catch the former *Swing* in the action-packed thriller, *The General's Daughter*, in which he plays a smart-alec army warrant officer investigating the rape and murder of a female captain. Add that to the list of characters he has portrayed in the past, including a disco king (*Saturday Night Fever*), an angel (*Michael*) and president of the United States (*Primary Colors*), and it is no surprise that he is known in Hollywood for his diversity—and \$20-million paycheck. "Nobody knows what a Travolta movie will be," he says. "And that is fine with me."

Travolta using star power to get a *Scenology* film financed

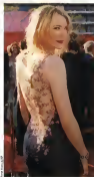
Bucking the Bard trend

Shakespeare may be all the rage in Hollywood these days, but not every actor is dying to wear a crown or a corset. Take Cate Blanchett and Rupert Everett, co-stars of *An Ideal Husband*, a new movie based on the 1895 play by Oscar Wilde. After her Oscar-nominated performance in *Elizabeth*, Blanchett says she was deluged with offers to portray "various queens and mistresses and beauties from hell." Instead, the 30-year-old Australian actress ended up playing a Long Island housewife in *Pushing Tin*, and now in *An Ideal Husband* she is the pious wife of an English politician haunted by a scandal. "I don't think there's any point making a film set in the past unless it has some connection with people now," says Blanchett, pointing to parallels between the politician and U.S. President Bill Clinton.

Everett, meanwhile, is a classically trained British actor who has the nerve to say he is bored with the Bard. "I'm not a big Shakespeare fan," says Everett, although he co-starred with Michelle Pfeiffer in the recent film adaptation of *A Midsummer Night's Dream*. "The thing that is frustrating about Shakespeare is that even though he manages to write about every single human emotion, he never comes to a conclusion about anything."

Everett, 40, says he did *Duncan* because "I liked the script, and it's a good thing to be in—I know how to do Shakespeare so I might as well show myself off." But he has lighted fire on the horizon. After stealing scenes from Julia Roberts in the 1997 hit, *My Best Friend's Wedding*, the openly gay actor is shooting *The Hot Chick* opposite Madonna—playing a friend who gets her pregnant in a drunken bout of sex. William Shakespeare, cut your hair out.

Blanchett as empress in her new role



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Friends in high places

The War of the Roses, between the houses of York and Lancaster, lasted 116 years.

That is nothing to compare with the nevidentia battle of Canadian politics, a never-ending elbowing struggle that will go on while eggs, steaks and restaurants and any role for ever.

Brian Mulroney, being Irish, never gives up. His battle is with his reputation, which he thinks history is creating badly. On a rail since the stupid Liberal government (liberal and standard here in the Arab face, and had to apologize.

A recent book by a respected academic had down in also down here stupid and inaccurate the government was over Arab. But he wants more. And gets more.

The last incarnation, arranged by his friends (with them behind the curtain, whispering instructions), was the \$200,000 McGill University reunion on the 10th anniversary of the Free Trade Agreement with those lovely bulges the Americans.

One name missing in the supposed non-partisan luncheon: Name of John Turner, he who landed Mulroney in our future from debate.

So Toronto's Turner wasn't welcome at Mulroney's weekend Montreal feast? The average January 70th birthday party, in the lush gardens of the York Club in Toronto, featuring everybody who counts.

So Mulroney tells us his buddy 75-year-old George Bush? Turner replies with his close friend 47-year-old Canadian Minister of State for Canada's Conservative Mulroney shows his non-partisan nature by featuring in his last former Liberal cabinet minister Don McDonald? Turner brings out the ultimate Ontario Tory icon, grandfather Hal Jordan, ex-minister-governor.

So Mulroney has the terrible-ounged Senator Bennett at his podium? Turner spouses with Roy McMurtry, Ontario's (Tory) senior-most chief. Mulroney brings in from the bullpen John Crosbie. Turner swiftly replaces with co-premier David Peterson, who only has to do something about his shoes.

It's like the World Wrestling Federation, the group columns all about at what's winning the Top Birds across the dividing line of the Ottawa River.

Mulroney, for his podium, made from Toronto his former finance minister Mike Wilson. A swift countermove, for his

party, Turner responds his Montreal sister, Brenda Noris, a freemason who lights up any podium.

OK. Mulroney studies deep up the outfield to signal in Derek Ruess, his former chief of staff. Turner, challenged, brings in cyberspace tycoon Ted Rogers (my boss) who really shouldn't dye his hair.

Things you must make, are serious here, when you know the winner is who makes the social pages next week. You can tell Mulroney has a thin breath when he calls Don A. Deane, the lapid spokesman for the Business Council on National Issues, to the microphone.

Turner, as the gas flows, shows off Dick Thomson, ex-head honcho of the Toronto Dominion. The lush generosity of the York Club is more fun, it must be admitted, than a Montreal audience full of aging white males. The occasion? Sir Tony, of the Tory dynasty, has the second-best legs in Toronto, under a neat frock.

Mulroney boards, on his two-day conference, former U.S. treasury secretary James Baker. Turner, at his never-ending birthday bash, replaces with Ray Brown, long-time Ted Medford, next to mention Barbara Burns. So Mulroney comes back with NAFTA spokesman Clayton Yost. Turner, trying for a double off the left-field, I will, brings in starked desktop hero, Adrian Zimmmerman.

It is, indeed, an intriguing battle of prestige, Montreal against Toronto. Tory against G&W, two men who defined their two personalities in a historic TV debate—and changed Canadian political decisions.

That is why it is so important to note the sociological institutions behind this struggle for cocktail party supremacy. There in Montreal are L. Ian McDonald and Luc Lévesque, ex-directors of the Mulroney revival. There in the York Club garden are newly defeated Conservative cabinet minister Isabel Baxter and her boyfriend, Finance Minister Iain Fraser, queen of support for Liberal Turner.

Because a York Club garden can contain more aspects than a Montreal podium, Turner was with members in the struggle for group supremacy: Senator Griffin, who then Barry Thomson, Jimmy Cusack, somebody named Julian Poon, Turner-buffet Alan Engleman.

As a fan of both Montreal and Toronto, it's lovely to watch. Boys will be boys.



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